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MR. ATTLEE'S DOODLES by VICKY

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CONTENTS

	Page
Comments	309
The Success of a Mission	312
The Battle of Bedford Square. By Barbara Castle	312
London Diary. By Critic	314
Unesco's Sheep. By Sagittarius	315
This England	315
The British Ass. By Ritchie Calder	315
The Home Office. By C. H. Rolph	316
Goulimine Fair. By Anthony Carson	316
So They Say. . . . By Queequeg	318
The Wee Smasher. By Robert McKinnon	320
The Arts and Entertainment:	Page
Two Choral Works. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	320
Hedda. By T. C. Worsley	322
The Innocent and the Guilty. By John Berger	323
Look and Listen. By William Salter	323
The Movies. By William Whitebait	324
Correspondence	324
From J. D. Bishop; D. G. Hinds-Howell; John T. Murray; Professor G. O. Jones; L. A Haddock; Paul Johnstone; Aubrey L. Diamond; Gordon Sandison; John Peet; Frederic Barrett.	
Books in General. By A. J. P. Taylor	327
The Dark Intention. By W. S. Graham	328
Reviews:	Page
The Wykehamist. By R. H. S. Crossman	328
Grasping a Whole. By G. S. Fraser	330
The Do-Gooders. By C. H. Rolph	330
One Ring to Bind Them. By Naomi Mitchison	331
Roman Letters and Trade. By Andrew Wordsworth	331
Henry of Exeter. By John Raymond	332
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	333
Shorter Reviews	334
Week-end Competitions	334
Chess. By Assiac	336
Week-end Crossword. By Set-square	336

No Comfort for the French

Mr. Eden's much publicised tour of Europe was, no doubt, intended as a serious diplomatic initiative in the *impasse* which followed the French rejection of E.D.C. Yet its method may prove in the long run to have done far more harm than good. In the first place, the order of his visits—despite his good intention—bears an implication scarcely less unfortunate than Mr. Dulles's studied rebuff to Paris. There has been little sympathetic understanding of the agony of France in facing, once again, the problem of an armed Germany. There has been no recognition that the French Assembly's rejection of E.D.C. has given the Western Powers an eleventh-hour breathing space in which to consider the alternatives to a divided Germany dominated by the soldiers and officials of the Third Reich. Mr. Eden's reaction to the new situation has been a hurried effort to bully the French Premier into the acceptance of West German rearmament, with perhaps even fewer safeguards than were contained under the old plan. His gesture of collecting the voices of Benelux, Italy, and, above all, Dr. Adenauer himself, before the visit to Paris, is widely regarded in France as an offensive attempt to bring unreasonable pressure on the French Government. At the same time, it does nothing to acknowledge the reality of the French dilemma.

It seems likely, as we write, that Mr. Eden's diplomacy will succeed in bringing the Powers concerned to the conference table, later this month, on the basis of his new plan—the admission of West Germany both to the Brussels Treaty and to Nato. It is not inconceivable that M. Mendès-France, who desires to be regarded by the U.S. as a good member of the Western alliance, may be persuaded at the conference to recommend this sort of solution to his countrymen. But what would it imply? Is Germany to be re-armed without any more safeguards than those which bind the other signatories of these treaties? If so, a fundamental French objection remains. There seems no reason why the French Assembly should vote now for the inclusion of West Germany in Nato, when in 1952 it rejected that proposition out of hand. Is it, then, possible, to graft constitutional safeguards on to the Nato and Brussels Treaties—a limitation, for instance, on both call-up and arms production outside the Nato Command? All such devices involve some sacrifice of sovereignty, and Dr. Adenauer has, this week, underlined the effect of Mr. Eden's diplomacy by causing it to be announced from Bonn that the Federal Republic will accept only such restrictions on its sovereignty as apply to the other partners in West European Defence. Yet France, as the E.D.C. vote plainly showed, will accept no such obligations unless they are equally shared by Britain; and it has been a cardinal point of British policy—and, in the present state of the world, it would seem an inescapable one—that any commitment to European Defence, however solemn and binding, must stop short of surrendering the right to maintain troops and war material outside the Nato Command.

Suppose, however, Mr. Eden's diplomacy and M. Mendès-France's desire to remain in good standing with his allies induce the French Government to press this plan on the National Assembly with whatever paper safeguards Dr. Adenauer is pleased to accept. It is not impossible, in those circumstances, that a majority might be found to support it. But it is all too likely that such a majority would mean the end of M. Mendès-France. As our Paris Correspondent reports on another page, there is a good chance that the Socialists will unite now in opposition to West German rearmament. But without Socialist support, M. Mendès-France cannot hope to carry out the plans which, during the last three months for the first time since the war, have raised hopes of a stable and progressive government in France.

So Mr. Eden, by seeking to force on France his plan to conceal German rearmament under the fig-leaf of the Brussels Treaty, does little to solve the real problem

of French security. But the political implications of his journey are perhaps even more damaging. He goes out of his way to lend countenance and support to Dr. Adenauer at the very moment when, as the Schleswig-Holstein election shows, the Chancellor's fortunes are ebbing; and he aggrieves the French and embarrasses M. Mendès-France—though the continuance in office of the present French Government should be considered vital to any real stability in Europe. Nobody will suggest that Mr. Eden shares Mr. Dulles's purpose of "punishing" the French for their naughtiness: he at least has had an intimate talk with the French Premier. Yet diplomatic courtesy is not enough. Mr. Eden (and no less the leaders of the Labour Party who have to face this problem in ten days' time at Scarborough) must realise that a West Europe which is hinged on the rearming of the Federal Republic, and is diplomatically dominated by the "little international" of the Catholic Right, will be a Europe in which France is unlikely to play a significant role. Socialists, at least, cannot accept such a grim solution to the problems of Europe without a serious attempt, in the post-Stalin world, to negotiate the reunification of a neutralised Germany.

Fencing in the Air

When the U.S.S.R., at the end of July, invited the three Western Powers to confer on a "European Security Treaty"—with the implication that one of the signatories, as Mr. Molotov suggested at Berlin, would be a "neutralised" Germany—Moscow can hardly have expected a favourable reaction to its offer. What it received, last week-end, was a Western reply couched in terms which are clearly just as little intended to secure Russian acceptance. There would be no purpose, says the reply, in holding a "general" European conference unless the Soviet Union first intimates its readiness (i) to sign the Austrian Treaty, (ii) to agree to free elections in Germany as "the essential first step" towards reunification. Since Moscow has always made it clear that the U.S.S.R. has no intention of evacuating Austria until the Germany problem is settled, there is little chance of the first condition being accepted. Austria, however, is essentially a subsidiary question: the crux of the Western reply is the pre-condition about German elections. It is sensible enough to refuse a conference on the ill-defined subject of "European Security" until there has been a realistic agreement on Germany; but what the Western Powers have done in their Note is simply to restate their maximum terms for a bargain, without even discussing the Soviet counter-claims. "Free elections" mean, in effect, Russia's consent to the loss of Communist control over Eastern Germany. If the Russians were to make this big concession, would the Western Powers be prepared to negotiate with Moscow about the armed forces which a reunified Reich is to be allowed to maintain? This is the cardinal issue which—despite Western propaganda to the contrary—was never squarely raised at the Berlin Conference last summer. The Russians can fairly demand to be told the answer

Reactions to Manila

The reactions of the Colombo Powers to the Manila Pact have been, to put it mildly, "reserved." In a press interview, the Prime Minister of Ceylon has re-stated his objections to undertaking any commitments against China, whose "menace to peace" he denies: "the Colombo Powers . . . are not hostile towards Red China." As for India, a significant article in the *Statesman* goes so far as to say that the result of Manila has been to "bring India and other Asian countries closer to China." However this may be, the timing of Mr. Nehru's coming visit to China, which has already led to talks of a Sino-Indian pact, can be no accident.

That Asian countries should prefer at present to stand unmistakably aloof is made all the more intelligible by the present confusions in U.S. policy towards the fighting which is going on around Amoy. The "preventive war" group among the President's advisers is evidently urging that the off-shore islands such as Quemoy should be regarded as essential to the defence of Formosa; and the bombardment of Quemoy by the Communists has led to increasingly heavy air-raids on the mainland by Chiang's Nationalists, using American-supplied equipment and operating from an American-guaranteed sanctuary. The "moderate" view in Washington, however, seems to be that Quemoy and the Tachen Islands are militarily untenable if a substantial Chinese attack were mounted, while the present hostilities are inviting Communist retaliation in which American naval forces might be involved. As it is, the occupation by Chiang Nationalists of Quemoy and the Tachen Islands and, indeed, of Formosa itself can fairly be regarded in Peking as an intolerable threat not only to the port of Amoy, but to the whole of Southern China. It may not be possible, as Mr. Attlee said the other day, to pass over Formosa at once to Peking, but to pretend that the West can or should prevent it from ultimately going back to China is futile and dangerous.

Troubles in Indo-China

Meanwhile, in Indo-China—the first territory to be specifically "designated" for protection by Seato—an uneasy situation appears to be developing. In northern Laos, considerable elements of the Viet Minh army are reported to have turned to political activity among the villages; and forecasts are that Pathetlao, the Laotian Communist Party, will have a sweeping victory if elections, as planned, are held next year. As for Saigon, the news suggests that the authority of the Bao Dai regime is crumbling and that Communist propagandists are finding no barrier in the armistice frontier. Further, the southern Vietnamese are clearly conscious of the fact that M. Sainteny, the French delegate to Hanoi, is trying hard to establish good relations with the Viet Minh and thus save something of France's large commercial interests in Tonking. General Ely, the Commissioner-General, recently promised the Saigon Government that, from the end of this year, it would enjoy not only complete independence but the "complete support" of France—including both economic aid and assistance in creating a strong Vietnamese army. But, with the French in the North coming to terms with the Viet Minh, and with French troops due to be gradually pulled out from the South, the southern Vietnamese—whatever authority may say—seem likely to be vulnerable to propaganda in favour of the unification of Viet Nam under Ho Chi Minh.

Suppressing Communism

The statement made by Mr. Brownell, the U.S. Attorney-General, after his conference with the President last Sunday, shows that the Administration is prepared to operate the Humphrey Act, which provides drastic methods for suppressing U.S. Communism. Mr. Brownell declared that his intention was "to utterly destroy" the C.P. with this "very powerful weapon", and called J. Edgar Hoover to his side to say that he, too, was satisfied, but would like Congress to pass one additional law making evidence obtained by wire-tapping admissible in a Federal Court. It is possible that this Act, or some important parts of it, are unconstitutional, and even Mr. Brownell seemed to have some doubts about the clause permitting the Administration to take away the citizenship of any Communist convicted of seeking to overthrow the Government—the charge brought against arrested party organisers. There seems, so far, to have been very little discussion of the political wisdom of this Act—sponsored by "liberal" Democrats seeking to buy armour against McCarthy's shot—let alone of its ethics. Even so generous an apologist for these liberals as Mr. Alistair Cooke has reported in the *Manchester Guardian* this week that "the public temper is so hot these days that liberals especially seem afraid to support" the claim that the Act is unconstitutional "for fear of seeming to follow the party line". Such cowardice is the way that democracy destroys itself in pretending to destroy its enemies. The Communists, now officially estimated at 25,000 altogether in the U.S., are no danger to America; this Act was dictated by political malice, not by political necessity.

H-Bombs and the Weather

The millions of people throughout the world who insist that there is something more than a coincidence between freakish weather and the H-bomb explosions are to have their suspicions investigated by the U.N. Its specialised agency, the World Meteorological Organisation, has instructed the secretariat to make a study and to call for relevant information from all member States, including the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. This is a remarkable concession to modern folklore by an organisation of weather-experts who have consistently pooh-poohed the suggestion that the bomb explosions have somehow triggered-off atmospheric repercussions on a world scale. True, they have been prepared to concede that an H-bomb explosion, equivalent to millions of tons of TNT, creates its own local weather, since its heat causes powerful upward currents as well as vapourising sea water. Most meteorologists would, however, contend that even explosions of the size already made could not seriously disturb the weather-

system generally. There is a great mass of atmosphere around the earth, and it is held that a man-made explosion would be no more than pushing a thumb in a mattress. But there are factors other than explosive disturbance or heat and it has been argued that the scattering of radio-active particles in the upper-atmosphere could provide the nuclei for rain-formation and might even interfere with absorption of solar rays and the mechanism of weather generally. At the moment there is not enough evidence, consistently and scientifically acquired, to convince the weather-men, but they have admitted the prima-facie case for an inquiry.

PARIS

The Premier's Dilemma

Our Paris Correspondent writes: A bare fortnight after the rejection of E.D.C., M. Mendès-France is riding the fury of a storm of hatred, insinuation and slander. In private, the embittered "Europeans" are stirring the murky depths of France's latent anti-Semitism; in public they are branding him as a deliberate saboteur of the Western alliance. Last week, a prominent Pinayist, M. Roger Duchet, described him as "a Kerensky . . . surrounded by collectivists, neutralists and crypto-Communists." These charges were echoed in *Le Figaro* by M. Raymond Aron, who accused the Government of being ". . . a French version of Bevanism . . . (prepared to) capitulate, or at least grant a plenary indulgence to the Soviet world."

How long can these screams of abuse be kept up? The wisdom of Mendès-France, in holding the vote on E.D.C. immediately before the recess, is now self-evident. Two weeks ago, Deputies trooped joyfully off to the country for the beginning of the shooting season; and by the time the Assembly comes together again in November, the white heat of anger will have cooled into a dull red. And other factors besides time are working in Mendès-France's favour. Dr. Adenauer's bitter words in his interview with *The Times* merely served to stiffen the ranks of the Government's supporters. For, while it might conceivably be proper to attack Mendès-France over E.D.C., it was unthinkable to accuse him of engineering "a defeat for the West" at Geneva. (After all, over 500 Deputies voted for the Indo-China agreement, only 14 against.) Hence the Chancellor got a very bad press in France, and the "Europeans" are ruefully discovering that concerted tactics with "The Five" can be a two-edged weapon. "They are trying to overthrow us from across the Rhine," a Mendès-France supporter told me. "Well, it can't be done. They couldn't do it in 1793—still less today."

Many "Europeans" supported E.D.C. largely because they equated it with Western policy as a whole. E.D.C., they recognise, is now dead—yet the Western alliance has not disintegrated overnight. They are thus beginning to realise the folly of waging guerilla warfare against a popular Government which has explicitly, and on numerous occasions, avowed its attachment to the Atlantic Treaty. Such thoughts were openly expressed last week by two leaders of the "European" Radicals, M. Maurice Faure and M. Queuille. "It would be criminal," said M. Faure, "to attempt to divide the French on this issue." "Tomorrow," said M. Queuille, "the victors and the vanquished of the E.D.C. debate must get together and find common ground of agreement."

Nevertheless, if Mendès-France is to survive, he must solve two problems. First, he must evolve with the Allies an alternative scheme for Western defence which he can persuade the Assembly to accept. Secondly, if he is to survive, he must secure a permanent majority united around his social and economic policy. The two objects are intimately connected: he cannot attain the second without previously attaining the first. And of the two, the second, in Mendès-France's eyes, is incomparably the more important. For, anxious as he is to arrive at an acceptable and effective formula for European defence, he regards this, basically, as a means to an end—the end being to throw a bridge across the gulf which separates his foreign policy from that of his "natural" supporters. At the moment, indeed, he is almost exclusively occupied with foreign affairs. But his thoughts are really on the difficult political battles that he will have to fight this winter: on the waves of opposition which his economic decrees, the first batch of which is now complete, will arouse; on the Budget, which is now in preparation; and on next March, when his period of rule by decree will come to an end and his whole economic policy will be put on trial. In these battles, many of his present supporters will desert him. They must be replaced by regular and reliable battalions from the Left-Centre parties.

To win such battles without M.R.P. support would be difficult, but to win them without the Socialists would be impossible. Hence the Socialists really hold the key to the problem. They are, of course, basically well-disposed towards Mendès-France, and they would be very willing, for electoral reasons, to join his Government. But they have their own troubles. The E.D.C. debate left them bitterly divided. Their divisions were widened still further by the expulsion of three anti-E.D.C. leaders immediately after the vote, and there was a real danger that the Party would break up. Their first concern, therefore, is to restore Party unity, and to do so they will clutch at any straw. Indeed, present indications suggest that, E.D.C. having been destroyed, the Party will now logically reunite around opposition to German rearmament. Such a realignment would create for Mendès-France a crucial dilemma. He cannot survive without the Socialists. But he has never seemed willing to abandon the idea of a West German contribution to European defence.

DELHI

The Age-old Enemies

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: The latest conference proposed in South-east Asia is between the Himalayan countries—India, China, Pakistan, Burma, Tibet, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. It has been suggested by Mr. Nehru. The idea is that staff talks should first be held and later perhaps mutual consultations on a higher level for the purpose of planning united action for joint defence. The Himalayan countries are exposed to repeated acts of aggression by invading forces, which cause severe casualties and widespread destruction. The object of a Himalayan Defence Organisation, were it formed, would be the containment of this enemy, and the building of barriers against further expansion. Meanwhile, the policy of India and China would be to explore the possibility of peaceful co-operation and co-existence. The age-old enemies are the elements, and their instruments are the untamed and erratic rivers of the Himalayan region. Although rainfall in the plains has not been excessive this year, unprecedented downpours in the outer and inner ranges of the Himalayas have caused devastating floods in the adjacent countries. In India the great river systems of the Ganges and the Bramaputra have overwhelmed vast tracts extending over 25,650 square miles, and causing misery to 9½ million people. The areas mainly affected are North Bihar, Eastern Uttar Pradesh, the northern part of West Bengal and Assam, and the North-east Frontier area. The floods have taken 247 lives, swept away 7,700 cattle, damaged crops over 13,700,000 acres, destroyed roads, railways and bridges, and demolished houses by the thousand. In Pakistan the damage has been no less serious. The Bramaputra and the Jamuna, bursting their banks in East Bengal, have spread devastation over a great area of the Province.

To plan a solution of India's problem, two major River Commissions are to be set up, for the Ganges and the Bramaputra, and a Central Flood Control Board is to draw up a national programme. Multi-purpose projects are already in hand that will discipline some of the most destructive rivers, but overall plans for flood control have never been implemented. For the next two years all that is promised is "intensive investigation and collection of data." Embankments and channel improvements are to be spread over six or seven years, and the construction of storage reservoirs is estimated to take another three or five years. Not unnaturally, the people affected detect no sense of urgency in these plans. Yet India is so vast, and the harvests in the South promise to be so good, that the Food Minister has assured the country that the floods will not affect the food situation at all.

MOSCOW

Mr. Attlee and the Russians

A Correspondent writes: Study of the Moscow press suggests that though his hosts seem to have been pleased with Mr. Attlee's speeches in praise of peace and international friendship, they do not appear to have found him very illuminating. All the same, they felt that they had given him a good time, and that he seemed to have enjoyed himself. It was not till last Thursday that *Pravda* came out with a bitter article saying that the *New York Times* had, after all, been perfectly right in reassuring its readers, the day the Labour delegation left for Moscow, that Attlee "was a trusted friend of the United States and could be depended upon to support the American defence policy 100 per cent." *Pravda* also suggested that Mr. Attlee was a bit ungracious. It recalled that he had been taken round the Agricultural Exhibition and round the University (at neither place, it remarked, a little obviously, had he seen any guns) and, surely, he must have realised that all Russia's thoughts were turned towards peaceful and not warlike pursuits. And the same was true of China, where the Labour delegation had been received with the same warm hospitality. But then came the Hong Kong press conference; and this has greatly annoyed the Russians. *Pravda* recalled (and Mr. Attlee was to confirm this) that during his meeting with Mao Tse-tung, Mr. Attlee was told by the Chinese leader that he (Mao) considered the non-rearmament of Germany and Japan and the evacuation of Formosa—an integral part of China—by the American forces there as important conditions in the safeguard of peace. What did Mr. Attlee reply? According to *Pravda* "he did not [while in Peking] even try to deny the truth of these arguments." But once he got to Hong Kong, said *Pravda*, Mr. Attlee lost his former reticence, and said that, in reply to Mao's remarks about Germany, China and Formosa he had expressed the hope that the Soviet Union would start disarming—unilaterally. Although *Pravda* calls this a "red herring," it still considers this "answer" equal to a belated refusal to agree with Mao on the question of German and Japanese rearmament

The Success of a Mission

THERE is a strange irony in the discovery, by more responsible American papers, that Mr. Attlee is neither dupe, fellow-traveller nor Communist. Now that they have had an opportunity to consider his speeches in Hong Kong and Canberra, and to read his measured comments in the articles published by the *New York Times*, they are realising with some embarrassment that the barrage of criticism fired at the Labour delegation was very badly aimed. Some of them, indeed, have made indirect apologies; they have admitted that the West may have something to learn from such contacts with the Communist world. Others have seized upon Mr. Attlee's criticisms as welcome proof that British Labour remains, despite blandishments and banquets, as stoutly anti-Communist as ever. These second thoughts, however, only serve to emphasise the suspicion with which the Labour mission has been regarded in the United States. Only a week ago the *Herald Tribune* was sadly insisting that the silence of the delegates "on the great moral issues that divide our world and theirs from that of China and the Soviets will be hard to forget."

Such comments illustrate very clearly the gulf that now exists between American opinion and ordinary people—not merely the Labour voters—in this country. Few Americans now believe that there is any point in meeting Communist statesmen, let alone endeavouring to reach the kind of mutual understanding with them that alone could be the prelude to successful negotiation. The behaviour of Mr. Dulles at Geneva, where the American delegation first prophesied failure and then left the other Powers to show that negotiation can succeed, was a striking example of this conviction that the mere act of negotiation is the half-way house to diplomatic defeat. It was Mr. Dulles, not those who seek peace, who was defeated at Geneva. In such circumstances, the despatch of a Labour Mission to Moscow and Peking was bound to be regarded as an act of treachery to the Western alliance, a stain which no amount of subsequent criticism could wash away. To most people in this country, who have become profoundly disillusioned by the bellicose sterility of American foreign policy, the converse seemed true. What could be better than a first-hand account of present attitudes and conditions, in Russia and China from someone as cautious, responsible and as unemotional as Mr. Attlee? If co-existence is the alternative to non-existence, why should not the Leader of the Opposition explore the terms of co-existence with the very men in whose hands the choice must lie—especially as the Prime Minister would do the same, were he not prevented by his Cabinet?

Much of the American anger at the Labour mission springs, we suspect, from a sense of frustration at the failure of the Administration to have a foreign policy that is both viable and convincing to America's allies. Political conditions at home make agreement difficult or impossible, while the United States is still far from the point where it can "go it alone." The result, as Mr. Stevenson so aptly said last week, is that "instead of foreign policies, we have slogan policies, Dulles sound and Knowland fury, signifying nothing and accomplishing less . . . a foreign policy which wallows aimlessly and dangerously, while a bunch of bickering helmsmen quarrel at the wheel." Unwilling to make war, unable to make peace, less thoughtful Americans turn savagely on the British Labour Party because it is innocent enough to examine the facts.

For there is no doubt that, within their own assumptions, Mr. Attlee and his colleagues have tried to do just that. Their final and official report, no doubt, will be phrased more cautiously than articles and speeches hurriedly composed while exit visas were still damp in their passports; it should tell us more, for instance, about the crucial conversations than about the physical impressions that the tour made on them. It may be that Malenkov, Kruschev and Mao found it as hard to accept the sincerity of their guests, or to understand their faith in democratic socialism, as it must have been difficult for the Labour delegates to see beyond the mask of ideology into the minds of their hosts. But the effort was worth while. As Mr. Attlee characteristically put it in a speech at Canberra, "The task of world statesmanship is to find means by which groups which disapprove of the doctrines of other groups could co-exist." Despite the difficulties of making effective intellectual contact between Western Social-democrats and Eastern Communists, it is certain that the Labour Party leadership now has a more precise measure of the Communist world than that of any other political Party in the West; and it is equally true that, whether or not the men who rule in Moscow and Peking like what they were told by their guests, they must at least have shed some illusions and misconceptions. So much, at least, is sheer gain.

In this respect—and it is the most important—the mission has been a success. The final report may add some details to those already published by the delegates and newspaper men. But the details—some of which attracted much malicious comment both here and in the United States—are not what will weigh with the British public. They know Mr. Attlee for one of themselves, and are not likely to be impressed by the innuendoes that a few sumptuous meals have corrupted him into playing stooge to Communists. They will, however, listen carefully to his insistence that the revolution in China is only part of a "movement of awakening in Asia that no human force can withstand," and to his suggestion that there are ways in which the West can both co-exist and even come to terms with that movement. The essential difference between British and American opinion today is that most Americans see and fear that movement and think only of ways and means to contain and defeat it. Why, when we watch their fumbling foreign policy, should we be impressed by their brash insistence that they are better judges than we are of Communist practice and intentions? In both our main parties there is a great mass of people who dislike Communism, who wish to preserve our own liberties and social progress, yet realise with Mr. Attlee that threats of war and unremitting hostility are no help towards peace—whatever votes they win in U.S. elections.

The Battle of Bedford Square

AT a time when both the Government and the taxpayer are becoming increasingly cost-conscious about British farming, the Battle of Bedford Square over the future of farmers' co-operatives in this country makes strange reading. The British farmer has long been lectured for not following the example of the Dutch and the Danes in keeping down costs by buying his requirements co-operatively, pooling essential services and selling his goods through marketing Societies. Co-operation among producers, everyone agreed, was a good thing. It comes as a surprise, therefore, to find that a battle is now being fought by the National Farmers' Union to gain control of the farmers' co-operative movement in this country, a struggle which has broken out because the movement, far from being negligible as most people assumed, has become an important force.

This development is a recent one. Ever since 1903, successive Governments have been trying to stimulate co-operation among British farmers, but without much success before the war. In 1924 the job was handed over to the N.F.U.; but by the time war broke out only 86,000 farmers in England had joined a marketing, service or requirement Society, and the total turnover of all the English Societies was still only £13 million. The majority of farmers were still not co-operative-minded.

Since that time, without the public's being aware of it, the picture has dramatically changed. Membership has jumped to 176,000 for England alone; for the British Isles as a whole, membership exceeds a quarter of a million. Of every three British farmers who are members of the N.F.U. today, 2.9 are members of a Co-operative Society. The growth in turnover has been even more spectacular. By the end of the war it had been doubled. For the English Societies, the official figure for 1953 was £84 million, and it has risen steadily since. In 1953, the English farmer was buying £45 million worth of his fertilisers, feeding stuffs, implements and other needs co-operatively, a large proportion of them from the C.W.S. He was running co-operative grain driers, machinery services and grass-drying centres, and was selling £35 million worth of eggs, poultry, bacon, wool and dairy produce through marketing Societies.

What is the reason for this change? Wartime controls started the process when the Ministry of Food used the co-operative societies, among other bodies, as agents for its distribution schemes for eggs, meat, tomatoes and so on. Having felt their strength, the Societies planned for expansion after the war, and the belief grew that expansion would only be achieved if they had their own central organisation, democratically elected by the Societies themselves. In 1945 the Agricultural Co-operative Association, Ltd., was created: a national body elected by the co-operatives to voice their problems and help the movement to expand.

The progress made since A.C.A. was formed has delighted its members, but it has sounded the alarm bell in Bedford Square. Government controls have not only stimulated the co-operatives; they have given new power to the N.F.U. Under the presidency of Sir James Turner, the Union has gone from strength to strength in the last fifteen years, and it is now making it quite clear that it is not prepared to tolerate any rivals

to its otherwise unrivalled authority among farmers.

At first the two bodies worked side by side in a somewhat uneasy relation. A.C.A. freely conceded the N.F.U.'s right to speak for farmers on general agricultural policy, nationally and internationally, but insisted that the organisation of co-operatives was a specialised field which ought to be under the control of those who cared enough about it to help run a Society. For a time the two bodies exchanged diplomatic missions: the N.F.U. nominated a representative to sit on the Council of the A.C.A. and the latter sent a representative to sit on the Co-operation Committee of the Union. Two years ago private talks were started on ways in which liaison could be improved: talks which were brusquely interrupted by the N.F.U.'s public announcement that it intended to set up a rival body of its own to organise the co-operatives.

The shocked A.C.A. negotiators protested that this meant "effectively the elimination of A.C.A." Sir Frederick Brundrett, its chairman, called a special conference. But while the conference unanimously reaffirmed its support for A.C.A. and called for negotiations to be reopened with the Union, the N.F.U. had already acted. It registered the Farmers' Central Organisation as a limited company under a provisional board composed exclusively of representatives of the N.F.U.; it circularised all the A.C.A.'s societies inviting them to switch their allegiance and made overtures to A.C.A. officials offering them jobs in the new organisation.

In its campaign the N.F.U. is making great play with the need for farmers to be "loyal" to their union, and in some areas it is having a serious effect on A.C.A. membership. But the active co-operators are fighting back. They maintain that there is no need to create this division of loyalties and no reason why the two bodies should not continue to work side by side. They doubt whether the N.F.U. can be relied on to promote co-operative development with unalloyed enthusiasm. As one Yorkshire farmer put it at the A.C.A. Conference: "We are all concerned with the N.F.U., but on the other side of the picture it is certainly true that all members of the N.F.U. are not co-operative-minded." Yet the constitution of the new body enables the representatives of the N.F.U. to dominate the representatives of the Co-operative Societies. The new board which will replace the provisional one next year will have 26 members, half of whom will be appointed by the N.F.U. and half by Co-operative Societies electing their directors on a regional basis. But once A.C.A. is destroyed, the Societies will have no machinery for keeping in touch regionally.

The outcome of this struggle is still in doubt, but more is involved in it than a mere private squabble between two organisations. The public which pays the subsidy bills has a right to know whether farming is being organised as efficiently as possible. The public has been helping to finance A.C.A. through grants paid by the Development Commission under the 1909 Act, one of whose purposes was to aid "the organisation of co-operation, instruction in marketing produce . . . etc." Presumably these grants would not have been paid if A.C.A. had not been necessary. What will be the effect on co-operative development if A.C.A. is "eliminated"? The record of the N.F.U. in this field hardly justifies it in seeking to undermine an organisation which succeeded where it had failed. The N.F.U. has lost no time in applying for a grant for its own body, the Farmers' Central Organisation, Ltd., but it would be a strange use of the powers of the 1909 Act if public money were to be used to help kill an existing organisation—and one brought into being by the co-operators themselves.

The second issue raised by the N.F.U.'s action is even wider. In an era in which marketing is being increasingly controlled, who is to do the controlling? Despite the Tory Government's talk of a return to a "free" market, everyone knows that some form of organised selling is essential if the farmer is to be given the security which he now demands as his right. The problem is to ensure that the organisation strikes a fair balance between the rival interests of producer and consumer. That is why the Labour Government encouraged producers to organise marketing schemes and at the same time increased the Minister's powers over producer marketing boards, in order to protect the consumer. In the twilight world of the semi-free market today, new forms of distribution are appearing which control the market without the public's being able to control the controllers.

The classic example of this new development is meat. Owing to its pledge to restore the pre-war livestock auctions, the Government has turned down the farmers' plea for a producers' marketing board with monopoly powers. Instead of fighting this decision, the N.F.U. has accepted it with equanimity because it has enabled it to set up a new type of marketing organisation, the Fatstock Marketing Corporation, Ltd. Over this it has far greater control than it could ever hope to have over a producer marketing board set up under the limitations of the Labour Government's Act. Like the Farmers' Central Organisation, Ltd., the Fatstock Marketing Corporation is under the management not of its members but of the N.F.U. Any person may apply for membership by payment of 5s., but membership carries no shareholding rights. If profits are made, no dividends are declared, though the Board may issue bonuses from time to time. Nor do members elect the Board, which is appointed by the three N.F.U.'s of the British Isles, and the Board decides which persons it considers "desirable to admit to membership." The Corporation has, of course, no monopoly in marketing; it is a private body which must bid as it can for the livestock and poultry offered for sale. But with the prestige and propaganda of the N.F.U. behind it, and in the absence of a meat marketing board, it has a strong pull on the farmer's loyalty and a strong chance of dominating the marketing scene.

Already farmers are becoming uneasy at this control by a group which raises finance and settles policy without being answerable to anyone. As one farmer, Mr. W. Paine, writing to the *Farmers' Weekly* on September 3, put it: "Where is the financial backing for the Corporation coming from? It is pretty obvious that it cannot be from the 5s. membership fees or from N.F.U. funds. . . . It can only be assumed, therefore, that the necessary capital has been raised from outside the industry, from which it follows that control of the Corporation lies also outside the

Having failed to secure first-hand evidence of what actually passed in private session between the Labour delegation and the Chinese leaders, VICKY offers us this impression of Mr. Attlee's Chinese doodling pad.

industry." And he added: "I know from conversations that there are many small farmers like myself who would back it much more wholeheartedly if it could be organised on more co-operative lines."

If farmers are becoming concerned at these new developments, it is time the public took an interest. For at the moment we have the worst of both worlds: we have neither a free market, nor organised marketing democratically controlled either by the producers on the one hand or the community on the other. We have only the oligarchy of Bedford Square and, as A.C.A. knows to its cost, the oligarchy is a powerful one.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

Do you remember a poem from the first World War, in which a worried God listens to all the mutually contradictory prayers for victory from the Germans, the British, the French, and all the rest. "'My God,' says God, 'I've got my work cut out.'" This line came back to me when I read that the President of the National Farmers' Union had asked the Archbishop of York to call for prayers for fine weather. Does he, or any other thoughtful person in this country, really believe in some supernatural Being, who started the world rotating, and now listens to his creatures asking if He will kindly intervene to prevent His laws from hurting them on this or that occasion? Does anyone think that there is a God who decides which of us deserves to be favoured, just as the boy scout, who had forgotten to do his good deed for the day, got up in the night and gave his canary to the cat? The answer, I find, is that if you ask people who are both thoughtful and religious, they don't really believe in these incantations, or imagine a tribal Deity who can be cajoled by a local Archbishop or Rainmaker. But they often allow themselves to use words that imply belief in primitive magic because they fear to seem to belittle the serious use of prayer. This, as they know, has nothing to do with any kind of petition to the Almighty; it is a social concentration of thought and purpose, efficacious only because if a lot of people together formulate their wishes for something good, they are more likely to achieve it by their own efforts than if they allow themselves to be the victims of chance desires.

* * *

I have just learnt, from a book which I hope to discuss at some length in the near future, that the sale of "comics" in the United States is now *ninety million* copies a month. Sex, sadism, horror, and racial hatred, are the chief ingredients. They amount to the most extraordinary experiment in children's education that the world has ever known. So it is with anxiety—and relief—that I watch the outcome of the British discovery of the child as a potential large-scale purchaser of printed matter. First, the *Junior Sketch* differs from the *Junior Mirror* and the *Junior Express*, not only because it is a weekly supplement and not, like its rivals, a separate paper, but also because it carries a small section of political propaganda by Candidus—a development which should be carefully watched. Secondly, the *Junior Express* is much more "American" than the *Junior Mirror;* it caters for the adolescent. This week it launches a science-fiction story based on a film which received a Horror classification. Innocuous stuff, so far, but another development to be carefully watched. Thirdly, the *Junior Mirror* continues its promise of being a genuine *children's* newspaper, written by people who know that young children are interested in animals and real, as opposed to fictional adventure. It contains good photographs of birds and animals, as well as sport, serials and strip cartoons. Finally, and most interesting to me, is the discovery that six million copies of *News Chronicle* booklets called *I Spy* were bought last year. They are an admirable series, well produced, interesting, unusual, and, because they are real and interesting, educative. The *I Spy Annual*, which costs five shillings, is one of the best things of this kind I have ever seen. It is a lie and an illusion that children are only interested in what is ugly, cruel, and perverted.

* * *

I am not surprised that a South African resident here protested at Mr. John Hatch's statement in this journal that a non-European woman in South Africa was gaoled for having sexual intercourse with a White man, while he was acquitted on the plea that he had committed not copulation, but rape. It sounded too fantastic. It was, however, perfectly true. The facts are that at Groblersdal the African woman and European man were charged under the Immorality Act of 1927, as amended in 1950. This act renders any sexual union between European and non-European a criminal offence. The African woman was sent to prison for four months. Six weeks later the man stood trial and put in his defence as one of rape, which is excluded from the terms of the Immorality Act. He was acquitted. A month later, after the injustice had been publicised, the woman was released, two weeks before her sentence was due to expire.

* * *

Lest anyone should think that this is a rare and extraordinary case in South Africa, I quote a South African Press Association report of another contrast in official South Africa's notion of the relative value of coloured and White people. On August 19, the *Natal Mercury* reported that a coloured man was sentenced to death for raping a European woman. Just below, on the same day, another news item gave details of the trial of a fifty-year-old European military pensioner who was sentenced to nine months with compulsory labour for raping an eleven-year-old Indian girl, who gave birth to a child as a result. The judge, apparently by way of mitigation of the sentence, explained that the European "perhaps through no fault of his own, had a poor background," and added, strangely enough, that Indian children marry at an early age.

* * *

There are probably as many cars per head in the village of Charing Cross as in other parts of the West End of London, and I cannot complain that the entrance to my flat, which stands on the corner of a nice, wide, "No Through Road" street, is always blocked with other people's cars. At one time I tried the experiment of jumping the queue by leaving my car out all night; it was not the regulation about keeping it lighted, even under bright street lamps, that made me stop this practice, but the discovery that, lacking an ignition key, someone had tried to run off with the car by starting it direct from the battery, with the result that all the juice was used and broken wires were hanging out of the bonnet. So I had to give up using my car by day, thus reducing overcrowding by one, and improving my health by a lot of sharp, healthy walks. But there are occasions when I need to load the car up with baggage from the flat. On one of these, I "banked" the car; that is, for the length of ten minutes, I left it double-breasted outside the flat. A very solemn, very young policeman, lectured me when I came out; he warned me in set terms that my offence was duly noted, and that if I ever did it again, even for ten minutes, I was for it. I explained my difficulty, and asked where the car should have been put. He pointed across the road to an adjacent street which is usually pretty well lined with cars. Some weeks later, I did leave my car, in the same circumstances, just where he had told me to. It was there for something like half-an-hour, and another policeman summoned me for obstruction. I asked him where I should have left it. He said that if it was only for a short time, it would have been better left, double-parked outside my flat—just where I had been warned never to leave it.

* * *

So I know that if at any time I must take my car to my flat in the day time, however careful I am, and whichever of the contradictory instructions I observe, I am liable to be summoned. I wrote to the magistrates confessing my difficulty and asking for advice. The magistrates replied by inflicting upon me what I take to be a minimum fine. (Is evidence of necessity, in fact, any defence to a charge of obstruction? If, for instance, a doctor has to leave his car too long outside a patient's house, does he get fined, even when he can say that his presence there was a matter of life and death?) I appreciate the great difficulty that the police have in avoiding trouble, both with irate motorists who cannot see why an empty space should not be used by cars, and by irate householders who would sometimes like access to their own homes. But would it really be unreasonable to suggest that constables, who have instructions to clear a street of cars, should be allowed some discretion in dealing with cases where an owner-driver is merely claiming access to his own house?

* * *

Dublin, which is one of the most enjoyable of all cities to visit, will not seem the same place without Mr. Robert Smyllie, of the *Irish Times*. Unlike so much in South Ireland, Smyllie was never an echo of the past; he was not conditioned by memories of the time when politics and literature were infused with a romantic nationalism and a bitter hatred of Britain. There was nothing shadowy about his gargantuan figure. He was a kind of Irish Dr. Johnson. He stood for common sense in a country where robust common sense is not the most usual of virtues. No occasion was complete without him. Automatically the visitor to Dublin went to the Pearl to meet him; conversation there hung fire until he arrived. Everyone in Ireland read his social column; no doubt some people were annoyed by it; but that only made them the more anxious to read it. His remarkable achievement was to turn the detested journal of British ascendancy into a national institution which, in modern Ireland, uniquely maintained a liberal point of view.

* * *

Last week, this journal (in company with *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and others) discussed whether Mr. Luther Evans, Director-General of Unesco, was wrongly yielding to State Department pressure in purging Unesco of Dr. Leff and six other American members of his staff. The point of the controversy is, of course, that all United Nations officials take an oath of loyalty as international civil servants, and that it is the duty of the Director-General to protect them, whoever they be, against encroachments by their home Governments. The most naive comment I have seen appeared in a paper called the *City Press*, which weekly quotes passages from this and other journals with charmingly "City" comments:

> The "New Statesman," sitting up in the clouds, does not understand that he who pays the piper

is entitled to call the tune. Mr. Evans obeys the United States because it pays the biggest contribution to Unesco. . . .

I have not yet heard whether Mr. Evans is proposing to take libel action for this allegation that he is betraying his oath of office.

* * *

Conversation overheard in this office:

"That sounds all right for Page One. Of course, if the world comes to an end tomorrow, we can always change it."

"Would it be necessary to make a comment in that case?"

"Oh, yes. We should say that though, in principle, we welcomed the event, we couldn't wholly approve of the means employed."

CRITIC

UNESCO'S SHEEP

The shepherd feeding Unesco's flock
An anxious watch must keep—
Wolves in sheep's clothing he must block,
Who in the fold might creep,
While guarding from external shock
His Secretarial sheep.

The shepherd's warning old rams obey
When sheepdogs from the States
Worry his white-fleeced protégés
In search of reprobates,
Reported to have gone astray
And jumped the five-barred-gates.

Unesco's shepherd the sheepdogs press
War on black sheep to wage,
While colleagues prudently suppress
The "Baa" of sheeplike rage,
For on unquestioning sheepishness
Depends their pasturage.

Tainted wethers whom sheepdogs name
Are chased outside the fold;
Protection prodigals may claim;
The shepherd must withhold.
Meek are domestic breeds, and tame,
And easily controlled.

Unesco meadows are fat and sweet,
But not for suspect sheep;
Flock and shepherd must be discreet,
For sheepdogs never sleep.
No State Department lambs will bleat—
They have their jobs to keep.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A forty-year-old printers' reader of small stature, John Clifford Fearon Horner, was alleged at Marylebone to have ordered a policeman to get out of his room and told him, "I will defend my little empire from any intruder and fight on the beaches if necessary."—*West London Observer.* (A. Rafferty.)

A man I know locks up his alarm clock in a tin medicine chest (for extra noise) every night before retiring.

To reach the key to open the chest to turn off the alarm he has to plunge his arm into a deep jug full of icy water where he dropped the key the night before. This is the only way he knows to be certain of waking up.—*Sunday Graphic.* (G. Fordham.)

The Rev. A. K. Campbell, Holy Trinity Church, told dog lovers at the public protest meeting on Tuesday that there was an animal cemetery in the grounds of his church, where dogs were decently buried and crosses erected over them. He added that in his church on Tuesday evenings prayers were offered for the animal kingdom.—*Dunoon Observer.* (A. Gibb.)

The British Ass.

WHEN you follow, year after year, the proceedings of the British Association, you can discern in them the weather-chart of science itself. But, as the practising meteorologists at the Oxford Meeting were ready to admit, when you have plotted all the data, weather-prediction is still hazardous and a forecast is little better than a hunch. So, maybe, I am reading too much into the trends at this year's meeting. Nevertheless, the auguries were significant and seemed to indicate a definite change in the scientific climate.

For one thing, the atmosphere of the B.A. proceedings seemed pleasanter than it has been in recent years. Of course, there was a good deal of nonsense masquerading as science; but that is what one must expect if the B.A. goes on having 360 lectures in four-and-a-half days. But one heard less grumbling criticism than usual; and when the President, Dr. E. D. Adrian, saw the press at the end of the meeting, there was none of the recrimination which followed the meeting at Liverpool last year. Yet, for all the improvement, there was no change in the pattern of the B.A.; and this is what persistent (but not necessarily hostile) critics think is needed to make the 123-year-old Association an effective instrument for the promotion and propagation of science in the mid-Twentieth Century. No, the improvement was not institutional but climatic. There was a sense of a change in the scientific weather—rather like that which occurred in 1933, when the late Sir Gowland Hopkins was President and when he insisted that scientists must forsake their ivory towers and accept their social responsibilities. Like Dr. Adrian this year, he was then president of both the B.A. and the Royal Society, the Primate, in fact, of British Science.

There was a similar quality in Dr. Adrian's leadership. Far too long have the leaders of British science evaded their obvious duty to make a scientific pronouncement on the dangers of the atomic and hydrogen bombs. Dr. Adrian said the things which, above and beyond political, military or even moral considerations, badly needed saying by a scientist of authority. His warning (reinforced later by Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Britain's Atomic Energy Research) that the accumulative effect of a series of bomb explosions would be to pollute the world with radio-activity was salutary. Implicit in his statement that the disaster to the human race in total war would happen whether or not the bombs hit their targets, was the warning that lethal saturation of radio-activity could just as well follow a prolonged series of massive experiments. The President, having painted a sombre picture of a world vested with the menace of physical and biological forces of destruction and stuck with statesmen who cannot find the means of controlling either those forces or the generals, suggested that there must be a reinforcement of the social sciences. This itself was a revolutionary suggestion, because the natural, or so-called exact sciences, which he, as President of the Royal Society represents have had in the past little truck with (and little respect for) the sciences which are concerned with the nature of Man and the impulses of society.

Sir John Cockcroft, as President of the Physics Section, produced a remarkable address. Naturally the newspapers seized upon his more general references to the radioactive effects of bombs and to the industrial potential of thermonuclear energy. But what made his address really remarkable was its masterly survey of research into the atomic nucleus. He reviewed this right from the first speculative theories of Lord Rutherford to the latest meson-particle. What emerged was not how much is known, but how little is known, about the structure of the nucleus; and how much more, and at what elaborate expense, research is needed. The scientists have, as it were, picked the lock of atomic energy, let loose its energy and its menace, without knowing how the wards of the lock fit together. What both Adrian and Cockcroft were saying, the one on the uncertainty of the biological effects and the other on the "mysterious forces of the nucleus," was that scientists realise that they do not know. Yet, when Oppenheimer admits as much, he is accused of sabotaging the Defence effort. Anyway, it is a healthy thing that, in this country, two men of such eminence can be frank. Again, this frankness may change the climate of scientific discussion.

There were signs, too, of another highly significant trend. There was a sporadic series of papers on semi-conductors and transistors. These are not new to newspaper readers or wireless enthusiasts, who have read much about "radio-valves no bigger than a finger-nail," which can now give a voltage gain three hundred times greater than the input and needing no power to heat filaments and durable and long-lived. The B.A. members who recently made a visit to Harwell Atomic Energy Research Station saw an electronic computor equipped with transistor valves. A comparable apparatus capable of doing Einsteinian calculations in split seconds, constructed with glass vacuum valves, would have filled a very large room: this was no bigger than an office desk. These ultra-modern valves are in fact a throw-back to our early cat's whisker and crystal radio sets, abandoned and forgotten when vacuum-valve sets were developed but recalled again when, during the war, it was necessary to produce ultra-short-wave, airborne radar sets. Further refinements by the Bell Telephone Research Laboratories extended the possibilities. In the meantime, however, the fundamental researches in nuclear physics had provided new scientific knowledge to account for the behaviour of certain metals—the semi-conductors, like germanium. The excessive refinements of purity demanded for materials for atomic work had prepared and equipped the chemists for the even greater purity required for transistors. The other remarkable truth about this work is the amount of money which is being spent on research and development of these materials—amounting to well over £35m, with a commercial return, so far, of about £50,000. There was not a special session devoted to semi-conductors; but they kept cropping up in the various sections, and this is always significant of a changing trend.

Indeed, Sir John Cockcroft teased one speaker on semi-conductors with attempting "to take away his job." Crystal sets and atomic piles may not seem to have much in common but, in a curious way, they are the head and tail of the same penny. The nuclear physicists are concerned with the forces within the core of the atom; semi-conductors exploit the electrons which surround that core. But Cockcroft's cheerful misgivings arose from something else. Certain semi-conductors are activated by the rays of the sun, which trigger-off the discharge of electrons from the atoms in metallic crystals and produce electric currents, convertible to practical uses. The process is not yet very efficient. A square metre of silicon wafers will, when exposed to sunlight, give out 10 watts; but that is enough to operate a walkie-talkie radio over a limited range. Consider the possibilities: for a thousand million years, a "hydrogen pile" has been operating in the heart of the sun. This converts hydrogen atoms into helium and releases the

energy which makes possible life, and survival, on earth. The plants convert that energy into the food we eat. But science has not yet devised a way of harnessing solar energy for mechanical purposes, except as heat—for example, in the "Nehru Stove" which the Indians have devised. This uses mirrors to focus the sun's rays on to a cooking stove. But the semi-conductors open up possibilities of employing solar energy to produce electricity.

Physics, then, in weather language, was anticyclonic, with a prospect of bright periods. In biology, we had a threat of thunder, with Professor Cyril Darlington forecasting storms greater than those which broke over Darwin, Huxley and the theory of natural selection. He said that when the world at large realised the true significance of modern genetics, the science of heredity, there would be trouble. He claimed, although many of his geneticist colleagues, including Professor Lionel Penrose, disputed it, that genetics took a pessimistic view of such human illusions as "progress" and "free-will" and the "improvability of Man." He took the view that human beings were deteriorating, physically and mentally, and, presumably, only ruthless eugenics, i.e., selection and sterilisation, could remove inferior genetical specimens and prevent the retrogression. But, as Penrose pointed out, it is very difficult to say what are bad genes. Obviously, those which transmit hereditary disease are undesirable and to be avoided. But some genes, believed to be bad, may prove otherwise—like the "sickle cells" in the blood, which were regarded as bad but which, in African Negroes, are related to their resistance to malaria.

Who, then, is to be the arbiter of the qualities of mankind? Did we not fight a war to destroy the heresy of a Master Race? As in nuclear physics, biologists ought, in humility, to admit that there are things they do not know.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Home Office

SOME years ago a prison governor, interviewing new "receptions," found himself confronted by a bewildered and tearful woman. He turned to her papers. "Fortune-telling?" he said. "Three months? Seems a little unusual."

She took the hint and told him her story. Every summer for fifteen years she had had a palmist's booth on the sea-front at a famous holiday town. The local superintendent of police, a tolerant man, had declined to notice that (in the words of the Vagrancy Act, 1824) she was "using a subtle craft, means, or device to deceive and impose upon Her Majesty's subjects." There was a tacit understanding that she could come back every year if she stuck to her silly palmistry and tea-leaves and did no harm. Then the superintendent retired and was succeeded by a colleague with no Nelson eye. The season over, the palmist had actually packed up and gone to her home-town 200 miles distant when she received a summons for "fortune-telling."

Rather than travel 200 miles to contest a charge to which she had no real defence, she wrote to the Court, pleaded guilty, and asked for leniency on the ground that she had been allowed to ply her trade for fifteen years. A fortnight later, with no further warning, a policeman came to her house, showed her a "committal warrant" for a three months' sentence, and took her to prison. The shocked prison governor at once telephoned this story to the Home Office; and the woman was discharged the next day.

How can the Home Secretary thus interfere with the work of the judiciary, when there has been no appeal in proper form? "If he is satisfied," says Sir Frank Newsam in his exact and careful picture of the Home Office at work,* "usually after consultation with the Court concerned, that a warrant or order does not provide good authority for a person's detention, he will order that person's discharge from custody. This action is taken irrespective of whether on the merits of the case the person deserves his punishment or not." The fortune-teller's case, which the Magistrates had at first refused to deal with in her absence, had been adjourned for her to attend Court. By an oversight, no notification of the fact was sent to her; and at the adjourned hearing she was sentenced in her absence.

Such stories could have enlivened (but they do not) almost every page of Sir Frank Newsam's book, the first to be written since Sir Edward Troup's in 1925 on the Home Secretary's uneasy stewardship of our liberties, and perhaps the best contemporary description of the "Royal Prerogative of Mercy" and its present place in the Constitution. But it is a severe and factual report. "I alone am responsible," says Sir Frank in his preface, "for the views and opinions expressed"; and though you turn the pages eagerly in search of the promised views and opinions of a Permanent Under-secretary of State for the Home Department who is still in office, they are not easy to recognise when you come across them.

There may be one on page 47, where Sir Edward Troup is reported as having found in 1925 that local fire brigades were refusing to put out fires just outside their own boundaries. "The Home Secretary, with his general responsibility for public safety," writes Sir Frank, "could scarcely disregard such a state of affairs." (He put it right with a Fire Brigades Act thirteen years later.) A better instance occurs on page 120, about wrongful conviction in the Criminal Courts:

> The view is sometimes expressed that a Free Pardon, which seems to imply forgiveness for a crime committed, is not really an appropriate instrument in cases where it is shown that the person concerned did not commit the offence of which he was convicted, but the effect of a Free Pardon is in general well understood.

In general, its effect is understood to be that "They" won't fully and officially admit themselves to have been wrong, and the feeling is heightened when (as is most usual) the "pardon" is unaccompanied by any offer of costs or compensation. Two classes of citizens earn these pardons. One class, having behaved in some way antisocially, has been prosecuted and "convicted" for disobedience to some injunction technically lacking in authority, like a traffic sign put up by a borough council but not approved in form by the Ministry of Transport. The other class has been punished by fatheaded or wrongly advised Magistrates for offences that do not exist or of which the defendant is demonstrably innocent; and this is the class that deserves public sympathy and something more than a "Free Pardon." What it often gets from the public is an intimation, in one form or another, that there is "no smoke without fire," and that the authorities probably don't prosecute until the second or third offence presents them with a "good case." The effect of a "Free Pardon" is "in general well understood" only on the official side of the desk. If a man is charged at a police station with stealing a car that turns out to be his own property, the police do not tell him he is "pardoned": the terms of their apology may vary in proportion to the likelihood that he will have them up for damages, but they apologise, with no suggestion that they are being graciously pleased to grant a pardon. To earn him a "Free Pardon," the mistake must remain undiscovered at least until his conviction has been recorded in Court, and, perhaps, reported in the newspapers.

But this and other glimpses of the Home Office on the defensive do not obscure an interesting picture of a great office of State that is today rather more concerned with the preservation of individual liberty than with its curtailment. In the eighteenth century the Secretary of State was still issuing warrants for the arrest of suspects, including the authors and publishers of "seditious" books, interrogating them in private, and committing them to prison. He was still issuing "general warrants," enabling him to interrogate whole groups of persons not individually named or informed against. And Sir Frank Newsam rightly says that the Commons' declaration in 1766 that "general warrants" were illegal closed a line of development that might have led to a Ministry of Justice. The Home Office, surrounded by the younger Ministries, all wielding growing powers of coercion and restraint, may reasonably be regarded today, by contrast, as residuary legatee of the spirit of Magna Charta, the Star Chamber, the Bill of Rights, and the Common Law's regard for the integrity of the individual. It initiates, sponsors, adopts, or merely "vets" nearly half the Bills introduced in every session of Parliament, a high proportion of which reflect private Members' views on the citizen's freedom, and would as often destroy or curtail it as confirm or cherish it.

C. H. ROLPH

* *The Home Office*. By SIR FRANK NEWSAM. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

Goulimine Fair

I WAS in Tiznit in South Morocco secreted among the rosy ramparts. I was up to my eyes in henna. Mr. Jones, the elderly conjuror from Yorkshire who was accompanying me on my travels, suddenly told me about the camels. "Thousands of camels," he said excitedly. "There's a Saturday fair at Goulimine. We'll go tomorrow." Mr. Jones spoke with the voice of Scarborough. It was somehow the voice of British duty tearing one away from flutes and abandon. "We can't come all this way without seeing those camels," he pleaded, "and you can take photographs of me doing conjuring tricks in front of them for the *Middlesbrough Argus*." So we went, driving South in a small native bus over a parched flower-pricked plain. A mile before Goulimine the sky grew dark and suddenly the air flickered with locusts. They were the size of cigars, lost tourists as nimble as swallows. Some of them entered the bus and the Arabs put them down each other's necks. There was much laughter.

In Goulimine we pulled up at the Rendez-Vous of the Blue Men. Outside the inn chestnut-coloured children were playing an aeroplane game, whirring the locusts around on the end of pieces of cotton. The air was filled with a tiny metallic hum. Dead locusts, already dried in the sun, were being shovelled into sacks, and a few people were eating them. "They only come once every twenty-five years," said the patron of the Rendez-Vous. "A real godsend. Camels? You can't miss them. I'll send a boy out with you. He'll take you to the market place." We set off, led by a small boy with a shaved head. Another boy joined us, and then another, until finally there were ten boys all whirring locusts. The streets bulged with camels. In the market place there were about five hundred with hobbled legs dancing a sort of

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angry polka and belchingly roaring at their drivers. I had never seen Mr. Jones happier. He stood in front of the camels, narrowly missing their yellow teeth, and performed a conjuring trick with an egg. I clicked the camera and Mr. Jones said "'Whatever is Jones up to now?' That's what they're going to say." The camels hopped and gorgled, the Blue Men came running, round and round the locusts flew. "Where are the camels going?" I asked a small black boy. "They're going to be eaten," he replied, rubbing his stomach.

We returned to the Rendez-Vous of the Blue Men. It had filled up since we were last there. Commercial travellers, Blue Men from the Caravan route, soldiers and a faded, painted courtesan. Behind the counter, the elderly patron was kissing his elderly wife and she was pushing him away and pulling him back. "We love each other," they explained, passing me a glass of wine. There was also a girl there who turned out to be Swedish. "I've driven alone in my car all the way from Casablanca," she told me. "I'm on holiday. I'm a probation officer." She looked attractive but rather prim. "What made you come here?" I asked. "The camels," she said briskly. Mr. Jones performed one or two conjuring tricks at the bar, and we walked out to look at the market. There were stalls selling fruit, cloth, herbs, henna, medicinal roots, jewellery, daggers, locusts, hides, nuts, second-hand shirts, and Coca-Cola. There were even lucky charms from the Congo. Jones tried to take a photograph of an old Blue Woman with a noble early face, but she crouched behind a pillar. She said something which was translated for me as "It has never been taken from me." Then a boy came up and said "Dancers? Belly dancers? Desert dancers? Follow me." The Swedish woman raised her eyebrows. "Is it quite for me?" she asked. "However, never mind."

We passed the gorgling camels again and then entered the shadow of mud walls. An old woman tried to sell us a tottering baby gazelle, muzzy for Mother. We went on and reached a narrow door leading into a large sun-crammed courtyard and a sudden dark room laid with carpets. Into this came a stout Arab woman, jingling and laughing. The dances were arranged. Nine women entered the room, one carrying a small drum, and sat against the wall. Smiles flashed across, cigarettes, nods. The stout woman sat behind the tea implements and comfortably shredded mint. I looked at the women, who were all ages, colours and sizes. They began to flutter, like released butterflies, laughing. One of them tapped the seductive drum. "Quiet, girls," said the fat hostess, pouring out the tea. Then they danced, one after the other.

The dancer, as each began, slipped into her secret self and became an instrument of love. No titivating prelude here: the black and gold of the Saharan dances—performed on the knees, the hand speaking. It was under a great tent of melancholy. The Congo dance was fierce, black, and Mr. Jones rose to his feet. We all clapped. Under persuasion, a young girl teased us with her brown belly in a dance from Marrakesh. "Not correct, really," said the hostess. "We are Arabs. The Berbers have charm, certainly, but no depth." We left the house with great reluctance, as though we were leaving a temple or a beautiful party, and returned to the Rendez-Vous. The faded courtesan was still there. She made a bee-line for the Swedish girl, whose name was Ingrid, as though she had been waiting for her all her life. An Arab was standing by the bar with a porcupine attached to a dog-lead. It was staring up at him. "Lie down," he said. There was also a Frenchman with a box of snakes and a tourist with an enormous naked-rosy lizard bound up with string. "It's going to be a mascot," he said genially, "on the windscreen of the car." It had been injected with formalin and was dying by centimetres, scoured out. Mr. Jones was at his conjuring tricks again, and an Arab in a well-cut djellabah strolled over and introduced himself. He was the brother of the fat hostess, and was extremely rude to the faded courtesan. "She's dead," he said, "but she won't lie down." He looked with gentle irony at Mr. Jones, imitating the rigid Northern facial expressions, and then invited us to a party at the dancing-house. "Here is money," he said. "Buy wine for the girls. We, by Mohammedan custom, may not do such a thing. Your friend, the cold magician, is strange and interesting." He made quite a sophisticated pass at Ingrid.

When we arrived at the party, tea was immediately served while the girls were elsewhere secretly drinking wine. Three French N.C.O.s were present talking to the hostess as though she was a favourite, intelligent aunt. "We are all married," explained one of the soldiers, "but we come here regularly for tea and stimulation. If you could speak Arabic you would appreciate the grace and intellectual subtlety of the company of the Blue Ladies. It is what is really meant by breeding. Anyone who truly appreciates this can never leave Morocco. He is bound by silver bracelets." He explained that their wives always knew when they had visited the house of Fatima. "They sniff at our coats and cry 'Yes. You smell of the Blue.'" "The Blue?" I asked, mystified. "Yes. They are called Blue Men because their djella' are dyed with blue wood. It comes off on the skin and has a distinctive odour." He clapped his hands. "Come," he cried. "We are among friends. Let us show you a Blue Woman." He spoke to the mock aunt in Arabic, and then saw the expression on Ingrid's face. "Don't worry," he said. "It is gentle gaiety. The Christians have lost it." The hostess left the room and we could hear whispering and giggling and then the youngest of all the girls came in, naked with a glow of blue. She was giggling and holding her arms straight out and shaking with laughter. "Beautiful," said Ingrid. One of the military husbands was talking to the Arabian aunt-hostess about tribes in the valley of the Oades. The young Blue girl began proudly dancing, and the other women came in and sat against the wall watching what absolute youth may do. One of the girls was very black and her left hand was striped and mapped with henna. I examined it. "Fantasies," she explained. She started to tap the drum. From nothing, from a grain of sand, the party expanded, bridging gulfs and filling the room with joy.

In the end they seized Ingrid and stained her with blue, and covered her with a djellabah. Mr. Jones whispered in my ear, "A photograph, please," he said, "to make the folk really think." He handed me the camera and a flash-bulb and began conjuring with an enormous coloured handkerchief and an egg. Finally we all kissed and hugged and the girls came out into the street and waved. People and boys appeared from nowhere and accompanied us back to the Rendez-Vous. The faded courtesan was waiting for Ingrid and lent her jewels and bracelets. "Now come to my party," she said. But the patron's wife stopped embracing her husband behind the counter and walked over to me. "Please take a word of advice." She nodded towards the courtesan. "Zara is quite sweet but don't trust her. She used to be the most beautiful girl in Goulimine. A general courted her. She danced like an angel. But now—she does shady work for the boys . . . The Arabs. You see, I overheard a conversation. She's supposed to lure the Swedish lady to her house for purposes of combined rape. They're about ten of them. She shouldn't go." She shook her head vigorously.

Mr. Jones was at the bar holding a bottle of water upside down. The porcupine was chewing a locust. Then the patron's wife came back to me. "You must understand," she said. "My husband and I are all for tolerance. We've nothing against the boys. You see, it's the lady travelling alone and wearing the Blue. They think she's come to Goulimine for that. . . ."

ANTHONY CARSON

So They Say . . .

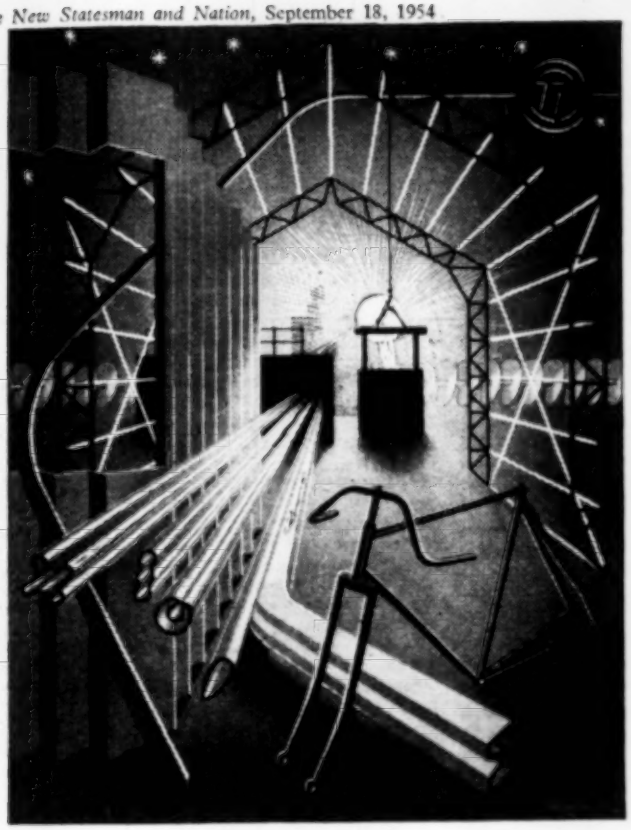
CIRCULATION managers clearly find it rewarding for their newspapers to "sponsor" public events, especially if the events are sufficiently newsworthy to secure publicity in the columns of their competitors. The growing popularity of motor-racing is a case in point. Now, after the Silverstone circuses, the *Daily Express* has turned to bread—in the form of sponsoring the British Food Fair at Olympia, organised by the Food Manufacturers' Association.

Naturally, the *Express* itself devoted most space to the Fair, running a daily news story for some time before it opened under the heading of "Daily Express Enterprise," and turning its star columnists to writing elaborate features. It managed, however, to secure a fair amount of notice in other papers, each of whom fair-mindedly gave the *Express* a credit-mention. On the opening day, *The Times*, *Telegraph*, *Mail*, *Chronicle*, *Herald* and *Worker* all reported the preview. For the last three, the Soviet stand provided the news-angle, as it was to offer running publicity for the Fair by the difficulties caused by British Customs. The *Express* had built up hopes of lavish supplies of Communist delicacies—there was a report on September 2 that the Poles had asked for a detail of security men to guard "chopped pork . . . Baltic salmon . . . and luxury cakes"—which were dashed when the Customs demanded duty on any free samples from the "several ship loads of food" (*Standard*, September 8) brought from the U.S.S.R. By September 11, this difficulty had been overcome. "V for Vodka Day" the *Express* exulted; "at last the vodka is flowing," thanks to the Soviet decision to pay the duty.

Opening day also saw the *Worker* trying to reconcile its dislike of the Beaverbrook Empire with its political enthusiasm for the East European exhibits. Sheila Lynd wrote (September 7):

> In all this grand display of what private enterprise can do I am ready to bet that most visitors to the Fair will vote for the stalls from the Socialist countries quite outstanding for variety, artistic packaging and imaginative display.

She went on to quote the comment of an organiser from the Woodworkers Union, whose members were building the stands: "The boys are so amazed by these stalls from the People's Democracies, they've talked of nothing else all morning." It was left to the *Daily Mail* to strike a sour note at this love-feast. On the same morning, its report dealt entirely with the Soviet exhibit, but half the item was devoted to a calculation of the high cost of Soviet living; statistics "made available in London last night" by an unstated source were quoted to show that a Russian worker had to work ten hours a week to earn his basic diet, compared to the four hours said to be required by his British counterpart.



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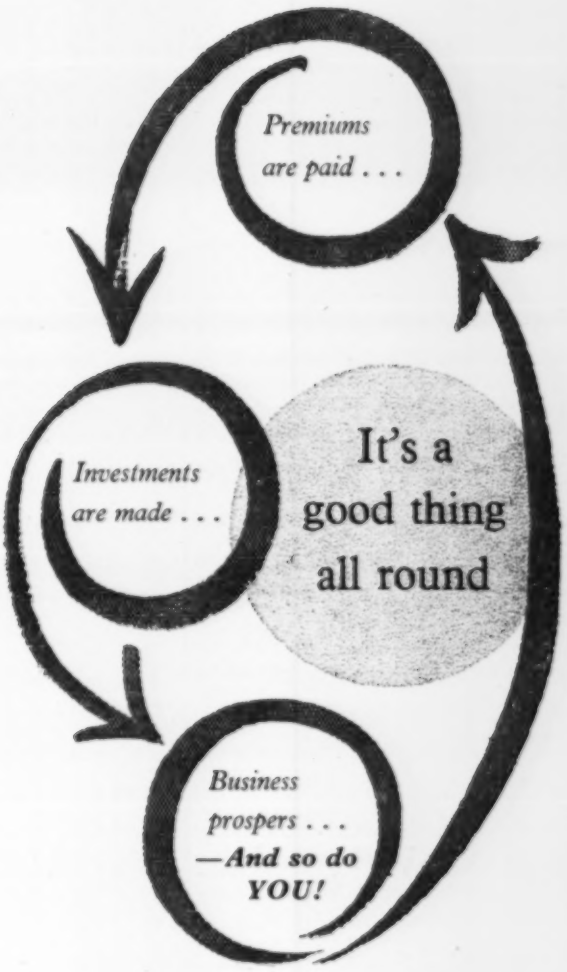

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The "free sample" theme, understandably, was sounded loudly and persistently in the Beaverbrook newspapers—and echoed, oddly enough, by Tom Driberg in *Reynolds* ("... take a big shopping basket with you"). Enticement reached its peak with Bernard Wicksteed's article in the *Express* of September 8:

> A conscientious schoolboy with two shopping bags and strong arms could take away enough free samples to keep him alive between meals for a month.

A political moral was firmly drawn by the *Standard* on opening day, under the heading "Freedom at the Fair." It began with a variation on the sample theme—"normally-fed human beings . . . leave with the faintly glazed eyes of aldermen after a town hall banquet, and with waistlines fractionally on the way to Falstaffian size"—though, strangely enough, this purple prose appeared in an edition which went to press as the Fair opened. It concluded:

> . . . rationing fades to a memory. . . A year ago such a Food Fair would not have been possible . . . this year it . . . symbolises for all the people of Britain the taste of freedom.

No doubt, the million pounds said to have been spent on organising the Fair will prove worthwhile to the traders. How much has the *Express* paid for an unspecified number of new readers?

QUEEQUEG

The Wee Smasher

In Glasgow, when a young man starts walking out with the girl of his choice, they are said to be "winching"—a term derived from "wenching" and which somehow has come to have a definite, though not exclusive, correlation with the city's slum-dwellers. At all events, as with so many aspects of life in Scotland, winching is fraught with frustration and discomfort. The tenement close is no place for the breathing of sweet nothings, and Glasgow's underlying vein of puritanism has kept love-in-a-bedsitter frolics to a minimum. Overcrowding acts as a further curb to Cupid, so that, as a last resort, the lover and his lass are driven to the unfriendly damp of slag-heap or golf links.

All things considered, then, winching frequently belies its initial promise, a fact of which Jimmie O'Hara was only too acutely, though incoherently, aware. So when he met Netta McKechnie at his local Palais de Danse, one evening in January, 1938, he knew he was on to a good thing. Netta was a fine girl in the best Glaswegian tradition—handsome rather than pretty, full of laughter and vitality and yet level-headed, thrifty and faithful. Besides being attractive, she had a job in a dairy that paid her £2 a week and a small tenement flat (known as a "single end") of her own. She also had some money put by in the Co-op. bank, and she took to Jimmie from the moment he asked her to "burl" the tango with him. Jimmie had his lucid moments. Very soon, he and Netta were "winchin' steady."

Netta's friends told her, of course, that she was wasting herself on a "wee nyaff like yon", whereupon she retorted:

"Well, mebbe Ah um a cut above him, but he's a rare dancer and a wee smasher intae the bargain. He sort o' minds me o' Tyrone Power."

Netta certainly was a cut above her wee smasher, who had been a hoodlum and fly-man long before he wore long pants. Gallowgate born and bred, by the time he met Netta, Jimmie could "sink the boot," wield a razor or use a bottle with the best of them. Being nominally a Catholic, he supported the Celtic and belonged to the Calton Mob. Had he been born a Protestant, he would have supported the Rangers and consorted with his arch enemies, the Derry Boys. His life had been forged in the harsh crucible of race gangs, tough dance halls and pubs, in poverty, squalor and idleness, and in hooliganism for the sheer hell of the thing. At 20, he knew hardly any fear and his body was as hard as granite; a savage who lived by and accepted the code of his jungle without question.

But he was also a wee smasher. There was only five feet five of him, but he had the shoulders of a prize-fighter and a waist as slim as a dagger. Fine regular features were set off by dark wavy hair; he "could dance a treat and had a rare line o' patter"; and, as a *pièce de résistance*, Jimmie had a beautiful set of false teeth of which he was inordinately proud. In an area conspicuous for its dental decay, Jimmie's smile made him a man apart.

As these false teeth were his only piece of property upon which he placed any value, Jimmie wore them only for his State occasions and it was a measure of the affection that he felt for Netta that he always installed them on winching nights. Together they would step out to the pictures (always two seats in the back row) or to the jiggin'; and, to Netta, the shining whiteness of her lover's "wallies" and their full symmetry made these occasions complete. Back afterwards for a meal at Netta's place, and then to make love and discuss their future plans, completed their happy routine.

"Jings!" thought Jimmie more than once. "Life is good. All this and Celtic winnin' the League an a'!"

The Road to Arcady was, however, beset with peril. Netta lived in the Bridgeton district, where the Derry Boys hung out; and, for them, Jimmie was a marked man. He knew this but had unconsciously assessed that Netta was worth a kickin'. At the conscious level, Jimmie reckoned, moreover, that, so long as he and Netta went back by tram, they'd be all right. It was only a few yards from the tram stop to Netta's close, besides which there was always the chance that he might not be spotted.

The real danger lay in coming back from Netta's place. Like every self-respecting woman, Netta was terrified of other people's opinions and would not allow Jimmie to stay the night. He had to leave in the small hours of the morning and had the choice of two routes to his own bed—the back streets or the long walk round by the main road. In the end, Jimmie decided on the back streets, having come to the quite correct conclusion that, at that time in the morning, the Derry Boys would not hesitate to "do" him just as well on the main road.

Given enough time, the underworld telegraph system never misses a relevant news item and, in a few weeks, the Derry Boys had found out about Jimmie's new habits. Seven of them were waiting for him one morning at precisely ten past two in a street that could have merged quite happily in a Cairo slum. Not a word was said as they converged on him impassively from all sides. This was it. The thought of asking for pity simply did not occur to him, but just before they struck he must have remembered the delight Netta took in his smile. For he said to them:

"O.K. Ah don't mind a kickin', but watch the face. Ah'm winchin'."

He recovered consciousness late the same afternoon in an infirmary ward. He couldn't feel his body but his fingers told him that his face was unmarked. And there, in a glass of water at his bedside, were his "wallies"—white, gleaming, intact.

ROBERT MCKINNON

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO CHORAL WORKS

The Three Choirs Festival, held this year at Worcester, produced two considerable new works, a Mass by Herbert Howells and a Christmas Cantata by Vaughan Williams; both were conducted by their composers, and both were broadcast.

Despite their obvious difference in stature, the two Gloucestershire composers have much in common; their music, not invariably but recurrently, sounds a note that is unhurried, meditative and pastoral. Vaughan Williams himself recognises the kinship, as is shown by his characteristic dedication of the new work to his younger colleague: "Dear Herbert, I find that in this cantata I have inadvertently cribbed a phrase from your beautiful *Hymnus Paradisi*. Your passage seems so germane to my context that I have decided to keep it.—R. V. W." At Worcester, however, a casual listener would have been more struck by the wide divergence of method between the two works than by any underlying similarity of temperament. In the *Missa Sabrinensis*, or "Severn Mass," Herbert Howells has sought beauty by way of complexity; in *This Day*, Vaughan Williams has refined his style to a new transparency and simplicity.

An intricate choral and orchestral texture is liable to suffer even in the clearest of broadcasts, such as those from Worcester Cathedral; but, making every allowance for the transmission, I still believe the ceaseless elaboration of Howells's Mass to be excessive and self-defeating. Sometimes the elaboration begins before—so to speak—there has been anything to elaborate: we perceive a luxuriant mass of foliage, but no stalk, no stem. The choir (sometimes divided into eight parts), the four soloists (hardly ever heard alone), the rich orchestral accompaniment—all contribute unceasingly to a softly glowing contrapuntal texture; but the individual parts, though always interesting and grateful to the singers, generate none of the intellectual or rhythmic energy which we associate with counterpoint. The pages *look* beautiful with their independent vocal lines constantly flowering into those delicate tendrils that musicians call melismata, and any single page is likely to sound beautiful, too; but the combination of thick texture and sluggish rhythm eventually makes us feel that we are being choked by the musical equivalent of ivy.

How fresh and delicious, on the following night, sounded the open texture, the beautifully calculated and clean sonorities, of the Vaughan Williams piece! *This Day* is likely to prove one of the most popular works of the composer's green old age. The scheme is partly traditional, partly original. As in Bach, passages of biblical narrative are interspersed with lyrical episodes and chorales; the verses are drawn from Milton, Herbert, Thomas Hardy and other poets. The narrative passages are given, not to a solo "evangelist," but to a few boys' voices, softly accompanied by the choir organ; the writing here is so simple as to seem artless, but there is a sober plainness and a total freedom from sentimentality in these pages which made their pure, straightforward delivery by the Worcester choirboys curiously moving. Soloists and chorus are given carols, lullabies, hymns and pastorals remarkable for their flowing spontaneity and modest proportions. In these Nancy Evans and Eric Greene especially distinguished themselves; the third soloist, Gordon Clinton, also sang well, without quite catching the note of happy ease which is the key to this radiant little work.

The fortnight's season of the Vienna State Opera opened on Monday with a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which could not be equalled at present by any other company in the world. There were some scenic drawbacks in the wide, shallow stage of the Festival Hall, but certain advantages too: the brightly lit performers

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

seemed unusually close to us and had no difficulty in establishing an intimate atmosphere suitable to the most delicate gestures and the quietest singing. The company was very strong—virtually without a weak spot; moreover, under the clear and sensible beat of their new Director, Dr. Karl Böhm, they have begun to shed those mannerisms that spoilt some post-war Viennese performances of Mozart. The Susanna of Irmgard Seefried is immensely improved: she no longer clips her phrases, but allows her fine soprano to ring out clear and firm; her acting is still perhaps a shade too saucy, as though she were "the life and soul" of a picnic party, but the character is certainly alive at every instant of the prolonged intrigue. Her handling of the recitative was delightfully varied and resourceful. Sena Jurinac makes a no less charming Cherubino, but her two famous songs could sound even lovelier if the conductor would allow her a fraction more time, and if the producer were not so anxious that she should exhibit the symptoms of juvenile embarrassment: "Voi che sapete" is after all a thing of pure beauty, during which Cherubino need not fuss with his collar and look sheepish. This point, it must be added, was a small exception in the generally discreet and admirably clear production of Oscar Fritz Schuh.

Paul Schöffler made of the Count a too mature and jocular figure, rather like Sir Peter Teazle; and Lisa della Casa, in "Porgi amor" and to a lesser extent in "Dove sono," seemed a little off colour, though her ensemble singing was flawless and she rounded off the evening with a memorable delivery of the great phrase, "Più docile sono, e dico di sì." Erich Kunz, a little light of voice to fill the house in "Non più andrai," matched his Susanna in charm and vivacity; while among the minor characters I recall with particular pleasure the popinjay Basilio of Murray Dickie, the Hogarthian Dr. Bartolo of Oskar Czerwenka and the exquisitely sung Barbarina of Anny Felbermayer. That old stager of the Vienna Opera, William Wernigk, presented a perfect thumbnail sketch of the lawyer, Don Curzio; but it was a surprise to see him and Don Basilio side by side in the finale, since in the original production these two roles were doubled by Michael Kelly. The woodwind are placed wholly on the right-hand side, which means that for those whose seats are to the left they are sometimes lost beneath the string tone; but with strings of such silken elegance as those of the Vienna Philharmonic one can hardly complain of this. The ensemble was wonderful, and the evening as a whole augured well, not only for the remainder of the London season, but for the new Viennese regime of Dr. Böhm.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

HEDDA

WHAT a lively pleasure to see Ibsen brought back to our stage again in a production worthy of him, sensitively produced, interestingly set and beautifully acted all round, and with our leading emotional actress giving a glittering display in the main role! This is an all too rare experience, for the prejudice against Ibsen still runs strong. That prejudice is partly the hard dying one that blankets all Scandinavian plays as gloomy and murky, a prejudice which any imaginative modern production will at once dispel. Ibsen's plays are not particularly gloomy (sardonic humour and theatrical excitement are the prevailing tones of *Hedda Gabler*, as the audiences now crowding to the Lyric, Hammersmith can see). But they are pervaded by the tragic sense, and the temper of the times has for several decades been apathetic to the tragic experience. In an essay written in 1921 (republished now in *Theatre* by MacGibbon and Kee, at 12s. 6d.) Desmond MacCarthy shrewdly diagnosed this condition:

> The times are anti-tragical; "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile," is our most serious modern contribution to the philosophy of the ages, and though it is by no means to be despised as a practical one, yet the mood which engenders it is one to which tragedy is incomprehensible. Nowadays "to die hard" is equivalent to doing something absurd; failure to follow at once the line of least resistance, not to treat the past, even if it is but a few weeks' old, as though it had never happened, not to forget, when forgetfulness facilitates, what you felt or stood for a month ago, is to be ridiculous. . . . "Unforgivable sin!" There is no such thing; neither are there irrevocable crashes in life; or words, however passionate, which cannot be quite simply retracted. Pain, of course, remains, but pain is painful, not tragic. . . .

Most of that still applies today, and though we have moved through several phases since 1921, they have none of them been any more congenial to the tragic values. Tragedy is not collective, optimistic and all-pull-together, it is essentially individual, personal and lonely. Perhaps we are just entering a stage where we shall be able to understand it once again, but we are not there yet.

Hedda Gabler, if not a tragedy, is at least permeated with the tragic sense. We should call it now, I suppose, a psychological study (and perhaps find its psychology not completely convincing at every point). Certainly the imaginative effort necessary to transport ourselves back into the social conditions in which it is rooted is a primary difficulty. The settings and dresses can help us of course, as they do here, but the old stumbling block of language remains. If the older formalities and forms are retained, there is a danger of its appearing stilted and so, to us, unreal. If the language is made easy and modern, then the formalities of behaviour and the kinds of action may appear out of key. Hedda cannot be made into a modern character, and yet if the language is planed too smooth that is how we try to see her. There is always this difficulty, of course, with any work except the contemporary; our imaginations adapt the experience we undergo for our own purpose. But it is in some ways easier to do this when the period is quite remote than when, as in the Ibsen case, it is distant but not quite distant enough.

The compromise in the current production at the Lyric, Hammersmith is evidently successful: I have never before felt an audience so actively enjoying and participating in an Ibsen play as at this one, and, indeed, it is all round the best Ibsen revival by a long way that we have seen since the war. It is not perfect, but it sets a new standard. Mr. Max Faber's adaptation of the play seemed to me an admirably effective one. The absurdities of language which seem to seep into every modern translation from the Archer version are all avoided and textually the play is presented in a clean, sharp language that can strike straight at a modern audience. But still, of course, its success in doing so depends almost entirely on the actress playing Hedda. How—this is the problem—to make credible to a contemporary audience this essentially nineteenth-century character? The root of her illness lies in boredom, a disease which the nineteenth century first discovered, or rather first named; (and Mme Bovary and Hedda are the two classical literary cases). I don't think it is by any means difficult for us today to feel ourselves into their state of mind of really *killing* boredom: what is less easy for us to go along with is the extremity of violence which it led to with them. The tragic sense breathes in the air of extremes; it carries things through to their logical conclusion, however, appalling. And we are not yet prepared for that.

An absolutely complete rendering of Hedda would triumph over our half-heartedness and carry us that further step; and, I must admit, that Miss Ashcroft's superb and masterly performance fell for me just short of this. In that sense hers was a very contemporary Hedda. Into the arid centre of boredom and frustration that lies at the heart of Hedda Miss Ashcroft leads us with an absolute assurance. The irritation, the cold hate, the icy indifference, the cruel streak, the flashing intelligence, these she catches exactly. Those who might say to themselves "Peggy Ashcroft as Hedda? But hers is far too sympathetic a personality!" are completely confounded. As Hedda, Miss Ashcroft is wonderfully hateful, and from the superb first half where her hatefulness is directed at the defenceless Aunt Julie, the all too vulnerable Thea and the blind and bumbling George, I felt confident that she would eventually carry the day. If she doesn't quite do so, that is, I suggest, because she hasn't discovered the tigress in Hedda, the tigress whose power and beauty are cruelly circumscribed, and, with nothing in that atmosphere to work itself out on, rages and stalks round its cage and finally dashes itself against the bars. If not the freedom and courage to fulfil herself, then rather death!

But I do not want in the least to undervalue the greatness of Miss Ashcroft's achievement. Hers is a performance of the rarest power, subtlety and intelligence which no one should miss.

In Michael Mac Liammoir she has what too few Heddas have, a Brack who can stand up to her. Brack too often turns up as just a dreadful provincial beau, but Mr. Mac Liammoir makes one realise from the start the force of Hedda's remark to him: "You can be a very formidable person, Mr. Brack." He can be and, as Mr. Mac Liammoir plays him, is; the duels between him and Hedda are among the highlights of the production; these two destructive intelligences understand each other so well that they can deal in the finest and cruellest innuendo, and enjoy it. And what subtle modulations of pace and variety of expression Mr. Mac Liammoir brings to his part! The husband, George Tesman, is perhaps an easier role, but Mr. George Devine fills it out admirably, never overdoing, as many Tesmans do, the mannerisms, or missing the man in straining after the manner. Miss Rachel Kempson too, deserves high praise for her plain homespun idealising Thea, a difficult character well brought off. But all the acting is admirable, and this is one of Mr. Peter Ashmore's best productions.

The immediate and eager response which the theatre-going public have given to this play will, let us hope, encourage managements to believe that Ibsen is well worth reviving. What a theatrical master he was and what chances he gives to

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actors and actresses, and there are plays like *John Gabriel Borkman* which might strike nearer to us than *Hedda* does.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY

AT the I.C.A. there is an exhibition entitled *Sunday Painters*. The term is a somewhat vague one. The 60 paintings include three small Douanier Rousseaus, a number of pictures by nineteenth-century provincial but trained artists, some works by contemporary naives, and a few by what one can only call Professional Primitives. The quality that they all have in common is their naivety—either assumed or genuine. Their mass effect, however, is not one of freshness but of dowdiness. There is an atmosphere of the junk shop about the show. The reason for this is that personal effects torn from their context and lumped together in a public place are bound to create such an atmosphere. Relatively naive artists have always existed. But the naive vision if it is to be properly appreciated must be seen within a familiar, intimate environment—which is why I called these works personal effects. This necessary familiarity can either be established by the artist working—however eccentrically—within the terms of an accepted tradition (this applies to certain comparatively primitive or naive Renaissance works), or by the spectator's personal knowledge of the particular artist or particular subject. It is this familiarity that allows one to enjoy a primitive picture *despite* its severe limitations, to appreciate its oddness not because it destroys normal reality but because it slightly extends its meaning. Oddness, eccentricity, can either be falsely appreciated just because it is different, just because it is abnormal, or truly appreciated because it slightly extends the perimeter of human possibilities—the perimeter of an area as large as it is mostly because of *normal* human achievement. The local primitive—whether he be poet, painter or orator—offers us an unexpected view of our life, an alien but friendly view of the familiar; but vote him into Parliament or exhibit him internationally and he represents nothing—familiarity having been taken away, only his alienation remains.

The idea, of course, that one enjoys a primitive work *despite* its limitations contradicts the whole super-sophisticated fashion of idealising the primitive *for* its limitations. But it is precisely this fashion that has blinded us to the truth: the truth that primitive works, once taken outside their "family circle," can only be considered as failures. If one accepts that a work of art is a means of communication, then the artists at the I.C.A. have failed, because however intently they have described what has moved them, their descriptions can never move the spectator in anything like the same way. Bombois paints a dancer because to him she may be Salome: we enjoy his picture as a sort of highbrow vulgar postcard. Vivin paints a street so meticulously because he wants to make it absolutely convincing: we enjoy a view of a quaint toytown. Wallis painted the sea that weathered his face, his shoulders, his arms: we admire his pictures in the same way as less sophisticated people admire ships in bottles. As artists these primitives are—or rather, by being taken up and transported, have been made—impotent. Their desires are greater than their ability. They believe they are expressing passion but what they achieve can never command more than affection. And this, I think, offers a clue to one of the main causes of the contemporary fashion for primitives. Just as the passionate sometimes envy the peace of mind of the naturally celibate, so we, facing a world that fearfully stirs our deepest emotions and challenges all our powers of reasoning, envy the apparent neatness, simplicity, cosy affection and so-called innocence of the world seen through the eyes of a primitive. The falseness of our position is that to the primitive himself things are not necessarily like that at all. All that we do so grandly in the name of the poetry of the "innocent eye" is to exploit the primitive's failure to communicate.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

MY theme is the Television Service's treatment of the recent meeting of the British Association at Oxford, but—last week Pat Grove took up with an actor and her brother Jack with an actress, and I have been bemused ever since. You do not know *The Grove Family*? Roughly, it is TV's answer to *Mrs. Dale's Diary*, though by comparison *Mrs. Dale* has a Proustian subtlety and richness. Well, Pat Grove was taken by her actor to his flat for lunch and filled up with wine—he admitted it was Algerian, and brandy followed, and he wrote up his vile intentions in the equivalent of capital letters. And do you know, he was a married man all the time, as Pat rumbled, and she gave him a piece of her mind and upped and outed as virtuous as she had arrived. And at the same time Jack Grove was taking his actress out on his motor-bike for what he thought was to be a picnic lunch; but the bike broke down, and the actress, who wore trousers—and how that brought the salty scathing comments to the lips of Grandma Grove—wouldn't eat his mum's nice sandwiches and marched him off to a hotel where he disgraced himself by not knowing about wine and had to hock his watch to pay the bill. Mark my words, in future the Grove children will stick to their own class, which is aggressively lower-middle.

Any comment on this curious *mélange* of philistinism and snobbery, inverted and right-way-up, would be useless. *The Grove Family*, and what it stands for, can only be accepted as a fact, as one of the facts of contemporary English life. No moralist will ever quarrel with it: it couldn't be more strongly on the side of the angels and of the qualities dear to moralists. In point of fact, *The Grove Family* is thoroughly representative in content and values of one whole section of the press, of three-quarters of popular fiction and of a substantial proportion of the plays offered us in the West End, not to mention sound broadcasting. When we deplore it we are deploring the cultural illiteracy on which it thrives, a cultural illiteracy which has no necessary relation with social class and is most widespread in the working class only because the working class is numerically by far the largest.

There it is, then: *The Grove Family* can stand for a very considerable percentage of the programmes we must expect to find on our television screens. But it cannot—and this is the important thing—stand for anything like the whole, even though many of these other programmes are rightly beamed at viewers who may be expected to obtain pleasure from it. We have had a number of programmes based on the proceedings of the British Association. They have, if you like, been elementary enough. That does not seem to me nearly so significant as the fact that they have been there at all. No doubt they have often been completely misunderstood; last week a reader signing himself "Christian" wrote to the *Daily Mirror*: "I heard and saw on TV the Oxford lecture in which the speaker said that Darwin said that man came from a monkey." What he had seen was the studio reconstruction of the famous debate between Huxley and "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce at Oxford in 1860 with which the Television Service began its series of programmes on the British Association. But the Television Service cannot be blamed for the misunderstanding of "Christian" of Wellingborough. For those who were prepared to understand, it gave, it seems to me, very good value for money, with the first part of Dr. Adrian's presidential address, popular lectures, all linking science very closely with ordinary life, by Professor Blackett, Professor Darlington and Sir Harold Hartley, and the closing discussion—perhaps the most stimulating of all these programmes—between Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Professor A. V. Hill and Dr. Bronowski.

All these, I have heard it said, would have been

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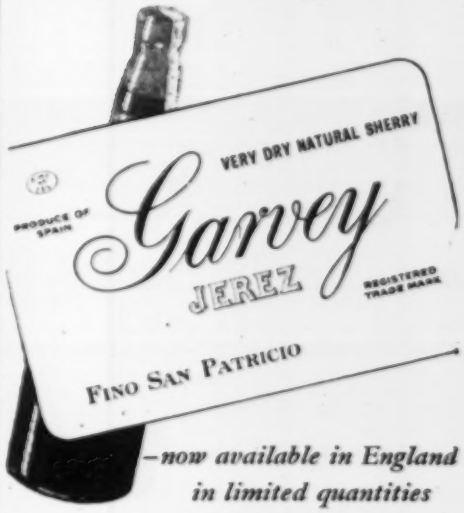

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just as satisfactory on sound broadcasting (and of course the Home Service carried similar programmes) as on TV. This is no doubt true enough but all the same it misses the main point of British Television as we know it. This is that the television audience is a mass audience the educational level of which is low; it seems fair to say that TV draws its viewers in the first place from people whose normal listening is to the Light Programme. The British Association programmes on TV might well have gone out on sound; but then they would not have been heard by those who provide the normal audience for television. My criticism would be that in fact the British Association programmes, the talks by Professor Blackett, Professor Darlington and Sir Harold Hartley particularly, were not presented sufficiently in terms of television. They needed to be broken up, not only by photographs and diagrams but also, it seemed to me, by the presence of another person. Mr. Peter Parker was there, but having introduced the speakers, he kept in the background. On television a skilful interview will always be better than a straight talk.

If you are to keep a mass audience looking at a subject it would normally regard as dull or highbrow or too abstruse for it, presentation is all-important. As Dr. Bronowski's admirable scientific programmes earlier in the year showed, this does not mean that the presentation need be hotted up or vulgarised; but the attention must be held. Given that, there seems no reason why TV should not do for science what everyone says sound broadcasting has done for music.

But one thing must be remembered. Until we have an alternative B.B.C. television service, we cannot do without *The Grove Family* and its equivalents. They, and the outside broadcasts of sporting events especially, are what the bulk of viewers switch on for. If we see TV as a force for education or enlightenment, we must regard them as the necessary lures.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"On the Waterfront," at the Gaumont "Salt of the Earth" and "The Pleasure Garden," at the Academy

Purple songs belong to purple films: it's a pity that to a film so rigorous as *On the Waterfront* should be attached a crepuscular wail about (so it sounds) "wading on the warderfront." However, the ditty has nothing to do with what follows, except that, while excruciating some, it may help others to settle more comfortably in their seats.

And *On the Waterfront* is good, very good. It tells a grim story of dock workers terrorised by gangsters, and its first lowering shots of the dockside, men coming off, and one man pushed from a high building, start a thunder that will work up slowly and inescapably to its climax. What a townscape! The huge warehouses, the hoots and thuds, the rooftop glances over the harbour, the steel fences, the wastelands, the habitable warrens would impress even if the drama were insignificant. (Incidentally, this splendid breadth is obtained without width of screen.) But drama and theme are as powerful. Life goes on here—within a few miles of a famous skyline—as in some occupied country; the enemy is within, the deadly parasite has lodged itself in the mob like a maggot in a sheep's brain. So the men pay tribute. They turn up to be picked—the lucky or acquiescent ones—by bullies; the rest go off for another workless day. And no one talks. The police can never find witnesses. What if somebody's brother has been killed? Too bad!

Liberation comes, but with painful slowness, from the gangsters' own circle. Their leader has a bum brother who doesn't know the value of money, does odd dirty jobs, plays around with pigeons, draws the admiration of kids, and in whose brute mind there are flickers of humanity. Marlon Brando embodjes this part, and embodies it superbly: his gradual awakening, first by a girl and then by a fearless priest—his mutterings and stirrings against the dark background—sets the pace and size of events. He is Eugene O'Neill's Hairy Ape, but without pathos, starting up from some lower limbo, and capable of more purpose. Thanks to this looming figure the more conventional elements—the girl and the priest (excellently played by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden), the fight, and the trumpets—are carried off. Everything about this film manages to be powerful—the music rather too much so for my taste—and there can be no question that Elia Kazan's direction and Marlon Brando's acting unite in their greatest triumph.

Less intense, more in the swim of left-wing documentary, is *Salt of the Earth*, which deals with a mineworkers' strike in New Mexico. It is rather hard, having to review it with *On the Waterfront*, but if one wriggles a little under emotional constraint, the factual method does persist here to some purpose, especially in the image of the picket, which keeps up a circle, first of men and then of women, walking day after day and week after week to block the car road to the mine. The scrubby landscape, the shacks, the wretched conditions of Mexican workers and their bitter, persistent struggle against heavy odds, bore themselves into the mind. Professional and non-professional actors meet on level ground, and the film was made by an independent film company, acting in conjunction with the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. If all political gospel work were as scrupulously and efficiently carried on as here, the screen would be a far better place.

Another independent production nicely balances the programme at the Academy. This is Mr. James Broughton's *The Pleasure Garden*, which I reviewed at some length when it had a press showing at the National Film Theatre last year. I have seen it twice since, and each time its poetic fun and charm have increased their appeal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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THE NEW DESPOTISM

SIR,—The principle upon which all political theory is based is that man must make certain concessions to the community in which he lives. It is around the problem of how great these concessions should be that controversy rages, as it has always raged. There would be no problem if there was such a thing as the perfect State, because the individual's personality could be fully developed only within the framework of the State. Unhappily the State is imperfect, and so the individual must be given some means of resisting its authority.

T. H. Green, whom Mr. Fairlie rightly describes as the author of the last major work of political theory in this country, acknowledges in this work that actual States "at best fulfil but partially their ideal function," and concludes that the principle that the citizen must never act otherwise than as a citizen does not mean that he may never resist the authority of the State, since the laws of the State "may be inconsistent with the true end of the State as the sustainer and harmoniser of social relations."

If, then, we accept the principle that the individual should have some check on authority, even if that authority is exercised by a majority, how is the individual to decide when he should resist, and how are we to prevent the principle being abused? The second question is answered by Green: "the assertion of any right which the State does not recognise must be founded on a reference to an acknowledged social good." I think the answer to the first question is this. The State must act in accordance with the conscience of the individuals who compose it (how else can it be prevented from becoming stronger than they?), and it is from his own conscience that the individual must decide.

The introduction of the Welfare State placed more restrictions on the individual, and because it benefited the community as a whole these restrictions were accepted. But the Welfare State brings with it no guarantee of individual liberty. Mr. Strachey's barber

is grateful for what it has brought him, but he would have legitimate cause to resist its authority if, for example, his shop had been compulsorily bought by the Government "for the general good" and later sold to someone else when he wanted it back himself. Had such a misfortune happened to him, he might have obtained satisfaction eventually through the Courts or through Parliament (though even that, as Mr. Fairlie points out, is doubtful unless he is a man of some wealth and influence), but by then he would probably have been too late to get his shop back.

The significance of Crichel Down was to show that such redress comes too late. Although Commander Marten successfully drew attention to a great wrong, he did not get his land back. What is now needed is some means of checking authority before it goes too far. The situation is not as desperate as has been made out. I believe we have that means in the press, if it can be persuaded to adopt the authority and responsibility to fulfill the function which is its by right.

J. D. BISHOP

Grove End Road, N.W.8.

SIR,—After reading Mr. Strachey's letter in your issue of September 11, I think perhaps it's just as well he didn't try to explain to his barber about the New Despotism. Mr. Strachey's barber might not have been astute enough to see the connection between democracy and the National Health Service. His barber might even have pointed out that you can have a duodenal in Moscow and the treatment is wonderful there too—your family won't suffer either. If that didn't make an impression, his barber might have suggested—the man was no fool—that schemes of social insurance were first introduced by Bismarck in Germany for the benefit of the German workers and that these schemes were maintained and developed for their benefit by Adolf Hitler.

The fellow could have pointed out that sanitation and hygiene have never been so efficient in China as they are today. Isn't it a fact that all the flies have been wiped out? You never know, the ignorant fellow might have read the official report on the Crichel Down Case. He might have asked Mr. Strachey whether it really was in the best interests of democracy for civil servants to mislead members of the public and to push them around.

D. G. HINDS-HOWELL

40 Champion Hill, S.E.5.

LABOUR'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Much of the current division in the Labour Party is not, as so many of the protagonists try to make out, between the wise and the foolish, but between the empiricists and the idealists.

The empiricists claim that Britain's difficult economic circumstances, coupled with the urgent need to develop the backward areas, demand that the Party should place an increase of industrial efficiency before all other criteria. This is a powerful argument which commands the support of many sincere people, but many of those who accept the argument have not sufficiently appreciated its implications. For, in ruthless pursuit of efficiency, Labour must accept many capitalist devices which are utterly antithetical to Socialism.

The idealist rejects efficiency as the supreme criterion and condemns the whole attitude to human beings which it betrays. It is what Toynbee has called the apathetic fallacy; the attempt to mould human beings to machine patterns. The end-product of such a process is not a man but an animated tool; a tool in whom all the distinctively human capacities of imagination, creative thought and active feeling have been stultified.

This is why the idealists are so anxious that we should move rapidly towards industrial democracy and the responsibility of all power concentrations to the House of Commons. It is not that they dispute the immediate losses of efficiency which the adoption of such measures might involve; they regard them as necessary risks in the pursuit of human dignity. And when the empiricists use the urgent material problems of the backward areas as an excuse for jettisoning our Socialist ideals, they fail to recognise that the very possibility of co-operation with these peoples depends far more on our convincing them of our moral sincerity than on demonstrating our technical efficiency.

Businessmen, hardened by their bitter battles in the capitalist market place, and others made cynical by daily contact with human avarice and stupidity, become empiricists. They do not perceive the limitations imposed on their vision by inherited disciplines and routines, nor do they recognise the extent to which human behaviour can be transformed by moral leadership. The incredible complexity of our industrial past; the powerful pervasive routines of our industrial present and the fantastic potentiality for novelty in our industrial future may safely be relied upon to invest our most passionately held ideals with plenty of practical content. But if the British Labour Party, over-awed by the difficulties of our age, substitutes empiricism for idealism as its driving force, posterity, if there is any, will be able to say, as Chesterton once said of Christianity, "The trouble with Socialism is that it has never been tried."

JOHN T. MURRAY

GREY EMINENCES

SIR,—After reading *The New Men*, Mr. Priestley has a feeling that most, or many (or is it only some?) scientists are seedy, bad at games when young, frustrated, warped, cold-blooded, and therefore should not have such power as he asserts they have. He elaborates his opinion at such length and with such imagination as to obscure his admission that it is only a guess ("... it may be that a certain type, with a certain background, may tend to prevail ..."), as well as his other disclaimers. My instinctive reaction to Mr. Priestley's exposition of the arrogant layman's attitude is to rush to my typewriter in order to defend my fellow-scientists. However, my craft being facts, not fiction, I quickly realise that I do not know how many scientists are thus deficient in character and personality, and whether these include many in the highest positions in the Scientific Civil Service. Indeed, how would I, or Mr. Priestley, find out?

Unfortunately, it is a serious matter, and Mr. Priestley does no service by his fanciful reflections. He pretends that scientists are responsible for policy. In fact, governments (and arrogant laymen) are responsible for policy, and we, all, are responsible for governments. If continuing development of atomic and other weapons is the policy of this country, then we are all responsible. (Admittedly, the public, and even Members of Parliament, did not know of the existence of the atomic bomb project before 1945, but does anyone doubt that at that time they would, by a majority, have approved?)

I think my guess is as good as Mr. Priestley's, and I have a feeling that his attitude, whenever it is adopted, is an attempt to protect guilt in order to evade personal responsibility and shame.

G. O. JONES

37 Denning Road,
London, N.W.3

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley again challenged our powers of observation with his delightful vignette depicting half rationally and analytically, half emotionally and illogically, our new type of man—the scientific manager. The hedonist views the life-cycle of the objective anchorite with wrinkled nose. Laying down a final broadside of verbal atomic cannon, he declaims, these men (and even this simple epithet is used with reservation) have over-developed brains and under-developed natures. As depicted by the brashiness of our story-teller they are far removed from reality. For Mr. Priestley reality is also one-sided. It becomes solely the distillate of the warmth of human nature, of the puppy exuberance of eating, drinking, gaming and wenching. But this is only part of the story, as a man of Mr. Priestley's intellectual attainments knows only too well when he is not engaged in pulling our legs. The whole electron-proton system which we call the universe surrounding us, and of which we are fragments, is only part of the story. There is a wealth of experience to be discovered in the manifestations of multi-dimensional hyper-space, carried to us occasionally by own Ids in intuitive flashes and partly in the fumbling words and allegories of prophets and seers throughout the ages. Reality is a synthesis of all these things and probably of many others as well. Do not be too hard, Mr. Priestley, on our "grey eminences" because of their chosen avenues of approach to reality. All paths will lead there. To some, as for yourself, the approach lies via the subtleties and kaleidoscopic facets of human nature. To others the path climbs hard and steep via the abstraction of neutron and meson. If in the latter process a few genes become re-oriented and some six-headed dwarfs appear as by-products, be charitable, Mr. Priestley, and if you meet one of your new neighbours, buy him six pints of beer.

L. A. HADDOCK

24 College Avenue,
Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

SOUND AND VISION

SIR,—Dr. Daniel asks when the British public will be prepared for their television screens to be blank by design during a programme. The answer is surely when he instructs the students at his lectures to shut their eyes in between the maps, slides, etc., with which he illustrates his theme. It is not essential to look at nothing when absorbing knowledge. The only reason why the Stonehenge programme did not contain fifteen minutes' non-visual commentary was because in the time available there were more effective ways of conveying more information than by words alone.

Where he is quite right is in saying that, while television has an incomparable chance of making clear and exciting the technicalities of archæology, there are other aspects of it which are more effective on sound. As Messrs. Irving and Cottrell have repeatedly shown, a feature programme can most imaginatively evoke the characters and personalities of the past. On the other hand, it would have been laughable with even the finest actor, the best costume and the most convincing studio trilithon, for us to have included Pepys' visit in the Stonehenge programme. As long as programme time and facilities are limited, let each tackle the subjects they can do best.

Dr. Daniel makes one other specific criticism of the "Buried Treasure" programme on Vix. Would it have been better, he asks, to have recorded the

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DOROTHY JAMES ROBERTS

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HUTCHINSON

thoughts and emotions of M. Joffroy, the discoverer of the Vix find, as Mr. Cottrell did with Doctor Goniem. I do not see how even indefinite patience with a tape recorder could have overcome the fact that M. Joffroy does not speak English. How to put such a non-English speaker on television is a difficult question. Do you film with a sound camera the conventional clumsy interview with an interpreter? Do you, as we did at Vix, take a silent film of him doing something characteristic, and add an English commentary? Do you film a sound interview in his language and have the interviewer and an actor's voice subsequently dub on an English translation? Or do you take a sound film of him solo and put on sub-titles? It is a severe problem and the solution unfortunately is not just tapes and patience.

PAUL JOHNSTONE
Producer, Television Talks Department
Lime Grove.

THE RENT WAR

SIR,—Norman MacKenzie's excellent article on "Class Struggle in West Kensington" showed convincingly that the houses most in need of repair and the landlords most in need of assistance will receive no help from the new Act.

Dealing with the issue of certificates of disrepair by local authorities, Mr. MacKenzie says that "the grant of such certificates, and the interpretation that sanitary inspectors will make of the standards clause, will depend on the local authorities concerned, and especially on their Health Committee." As a member of a Public Health Committee I doubt whether anything will depend on the committee: the sanitary inspector is a statutory official over whom the committee has little control as far as the standards he applies are concerned. Furthermore, since the landlord can appeal against the certificate of disrepair to the county court, a committee decision as to standards, even if possible, might well involve a luckless tenant in litigation. Where local authorities can act, however, is in ensuring that the fullest possible use is made of their powers under Section 10 of the 1933 Rent Act to publish information as to the rights and duties of landlords and tenants under the Act.

Mr. MacKenzie also says that tenants should be cautious about accepting proposals from their landlords to remit one-third of the increase if the tenant accepts responsibility for internal decorations. Unfortunately, caution will not assist the tenant: the choice is the landlord's, and if he elects to take advantage of the provision the tenant has no say in the matter. The advantage to the landlord is not only that the internal decorative repair is disregarded if the question of "good repair" arises (but not, incidentally, if the question is of "unfitness for habitation"), but also that the amount of repairs that have to be carried out is reduced by one-third—an important point to the landlord where he would in any event be unable to claim the full increase owing to the operation of the "stopper" forbidding any increase over twice the gross value.

AUBREY L. DIAMOND
St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

SIR,—Mrs. Patricia Strauss, as a Director of the Sadler's Wells Trust, has stated the management's case regarding the recent difference between themselves and the dancers over rates of pay. May I summarise the dancers' side of the matter? The most important single fact is that, after seven years, this company was paying only £7 per week to ten dancers. Out of a total of thirty dancers in the company twenty-one were getting £8 10s. per week or less. We believe that the directors' "lively interest in the welfare of the dancers" should have found expression in an appreciation of the fact that these salaries were disgracefully low in relation to the skill of the dancers and the status of the company. The point is that the increases offered by the company and the scale which we accepted were only put forward by the management *after* the dancers had decided to stand together and refuse to sign contracts for next season. It is somewhat ingenuous of Mrs. Strauss to claim the credit for these increases, which would have been very welcome if they had been proposed two or three seasons ago.

We have never challenged the alleged "principle" of promotion by merit. We could not see, nor can we now see, why a request for an all-round increase should interfere with the management's right to promote whom it pleases. Here was a company underpaid at every level. It seemed proper to ask for an all-round increase. This would not interfere in any way with the management's right to make further increases on merit. For our part we think that the dancers' action, the first of its kind in the ballet world, will have a very healthy effect in reminding directors and the public that the art is also a question of bread and butter—no jam, certainly, in ballet.

GORDON SANDISON
General Secretary
British Actors' Equity Association,
8 Harley Street, London, W.1.

THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA

SIR,—In your review of Lord Russell's book *The Scourge of the Swastika* in your issue of August 21 you end with the words: "The book should be made compulsory reading in every German school."

You will be glad to hear that, while Lord Russell's book itself is not on the curriculum of East German schools, pupils there are very fully instructed on the crimes committed by the Nazis in the concentration camps and elsewhere. In the history book used by all 14-year-olds, for instance (*Lehrbuch für den Geschichtsunterricht*, published for the Ministry of Education of the German Democratic Republic by Verlag Volk und Wissen, Berlin, 1952), four pages are devoted to Hitler's racial policy of extermination and the extermination camps, and the whole account of the Second World War is interspersed by examples of Nazi brutality and crime. Full credit is given to the anti-Fascists of all nations, including those of the German nation, who fought against the regime. The war crimes trials after the war are reported as the way in which these criminals received their just deserts.

In many West German schools the position is radically different. In the schools of Baden-Württemberg, for instance, history is taught from a book called *Lebendige Vergangenheit*, Vol. V, published by Ernst Klett Verlag, Stuttgart, 1953, which has received official mark of approval from the provincial Ministry of Culture (*Grundsatzgenehmigung erteilt vom Kultusministerium Baden-Württemberg U Nr.* 8780 *am* 19.6.1953). This book, apart from an extreme nationalistic and militaristic approach to the whole Nazi period, devotes exactly 13 lines to Hitler's racialist extermination programme, which it terms "the misuse of the racial idea." It makes no mention at all of other Nazi crimes. When it comes to the war crimes trials, however, this book states (page 144):

> The German people have a critical attitude towards these trials, since they are convinced that many of the sentences were unjust, owing to the fact that the prosecutors and judges were still under the influence of hate propaganda, that the prosecution witnesses were very unreliable, that the accused were tortured to get confessions, and that obstacles were put in the way of the defence.

Berlin. JOHN PEET

TAX AND THE TOTE

SIR,—In your issue of August 28, Critic wrote about the purchase of winning Tote tickets by the agents of super-taxpayers. Winning Tote tickets are *retained* by Tote Investors, Ltd., when winnings are paid out; usually after each race. There is a "Late Pay-out" window which may be utilised within 30 minutes after the last race. Failing winnings being claimed at the race-meeting (rare occurrence) the winning tickets are available for encashment within *thirty* days at the Tote Investors Head Office in Riding House St., W.1. A good story by Critic, but not founded on fact. FREDERIC BARRETT

Newquay, Cornwall.

[Critic writes: "Yes; my friend got the story wrong. If your Tote winnings add up to £10 or more, you can have a cheque instead of cash. It's the record of this in your bank pass book that is supposed to convince the Inspector of Taxes."—*Ed., N.S. & N.*]

Books in General

MEN in public life cannot wait for their statues. They put themselves on a pedestal and imagine that they stand isolated and unique. In reality they are a mirror of their age—reflections all the more revealing for being distorted and exaggerated. Our anonymous rulers, platitudinous in their utterances, platitudinous in their inmost thoughts—the Edens, Eisenhowers, and Malenkovs—represent, plainly enough, the age of "the common man," in which such personality as still exists has degenerated into clowning. Louis Napoleon does not do much more credit to the Europe of the early nineteenth century. Emperor and dictator, he was an empty, twaddling creature, uncertain in his aims, shifty in his methods, voicing tawdry magniloquence as a substitute for glory. Changarnier called him "the melancholy parrot." His head drooping to the side, his finery always bedraggled, he echoed the phrases of the time without understanding or coherence. He was fertile in expedients, hopeless when it came to action. He loved to plan; he relied on others for execution and was usually disappointed. Always receptive of ideas, he would rank with the greatest of statesmen if he were judged merely on his projects. Social welfare, the national reconstruction of Europe, general disarmament—he thought of them all. But when we ask what he accomplished, it is a different matter. The town-planning of Paris is his only memorial; and this was carried out by someone else.

Mr. J. M. Thompson is sorry for him*. A man, he writes, to be pitied more than to be blamed. This might do for a hereditary monarch, who has power thrust upon him. Those who snatch power for themselves stand or fall on their record, not on their visions or good intentions; and Napoleon III fell. It is a curious evolution which has turned Mr. Thompson into an admirer of Louis Napoleon. Author of the best history in English of the French Revolution and of a very distinguished life of the great Napoleon, he has come fresh to the mid-nineteenth century, with his Jacobinism and his Bonapartism still upon him. He cares little for the compromises of a parliamentary system; action seems to him the important thing in history. Yet he has been captivated by Louis Napoleon's very softness and accords him the charity which he could not feel for Napoleon I. He quotes another recent writer on Louis Napoleon: "He judged that the antagonism between bourgeoisie and people could be abolished by the creation of a strong, disciplined and productive state, in which the workers would be content." This was the idea also of Bismarck, whom Mr. Thompson persists in regarding as a wicked man, and in our own day of Mussolini and Hitler. Yet Mr. Thompson declares that it "has remained a main hope of European civilisation." Freedom seems as unimportant as it did to Louis Napoleon himself.

Anything which Mr. Thompson writes is bound to be a good book. He has a wonderful art of standing aside and of seeming to let the story tell itself. Hardly ever does he obtrude as stage manager, though the career of Louis Napoleon was always more theatre than real life. His book is less clever and sparkling than Guedalla's, with a greater grasp of facts and a more coherent picture. It will be the standby for many years of everyone who wants to know about the Second Empire. It has one serious defect. Mr. Thompson has never cared for diplomacy. The long talks irritate him. He wants the open display of power, and one can almost hear him breathing: "let battle commence." He never mentioned diplomacy in his history of the French Revolution; and with Napoleon I he brushed it aside so as to hurry on to the campaigns. But Napoleon III was a failure in war and always active, sometimes with more success, in diplomacy. Mr. Thompson has to admit the dreary subject, but he does it grudgingly and without interest. Elsewhere he relies on the latest authorities and brings new facts to light. In foreign affairs he uses the old books and repeats a hackneyed story without interest or conviction.

There is another gap for which he cannot be blamed. His earlier books were at their best when they described the practical effects of the Revolution and of Napoleon—the local administration, the system of taxes, the way in which life changed. All this is lacking here. French scholars have averted their eyes from the Second Empire. We know a great deal about social conditions under the Second Republic, and almost every detail about the constitutional arguments at the beginning of the Third. But what happened in between? Where did Napoleon III get his prefects? What sort of men were they, and what did they do? Napoleon III talked much of his social programme before he came to power. What did it amount to in practice? We are at a loss for an answer. We do not even know how the prefects "made" the elections. In 1871 twenty years of the Second Empire were rubbed out as though they had never been. The men of the Second Republic took over in Rip Van Winkle fashion. The twenty years of Napoleon III's dictatorship were ignored, are still ignored. And no English writer can fill the gap until French historians have done the spadework of detailed research, as they are now beginning to do. The Second Empire is far enough off to be treated as history, though still with distaste. French historians have always carried the Republic on their shoulders. They will never forgive the one system which pushed them aside and put an amateur historian in their place.

For Napoleon III was dominated by the mish-mash of history which drifted around his brain. Where the great Napoleon read Plutarch, he read memoirs about the great Emperor, and was always trying to repeat the successes or to avoid the failures. Everything about him was echo, second-hand clothes which fitted neither the time nor the man. Napoleon I had a classical spirit, hard on himself as on others, living only for action, and really believing in Fate or Destiny. Napoleon III was soft, romantic, dreamy. Though he, too, talked of Destiny, he meant by it only luck. At first, when things went well for him, it was good luck; later it was bad luck—but always a casual fall of the cards, which he could do little to influence. Or rather, great affairs were for Napoleon I a battleground for his heroic will. Napoleon III saw them as a game of cards, at which he cheated—though even then unsuccessfully. Like a true cardsharper, Louis Napoleon loved winning more than the rewards. He no sooner seized power than he began to think how he could give it up; and a draft abdication is among his few later papers that have survived. At Chislehurst after his fall he was resigned and philosophic—a great contrast to Napoleon I's frenzied resentment on St. Helena. The great Napoleon was driven mad by inaction. It suited Louis Napoleon perfectly—no more decisions, no more responsibility; only dreams and regrets. He might have drifted on happily for years, had it not been for his sense of duty to his name. He planned a new seizure of power, the success of which would have been repugnant to him, and as a preliminary underwent the operation which caused his death.

Napoleon III was the nephew of the great Emperor. He never forgot it for a moment. Yet, except for seizing power, he always shrank from discharging the legacy which he had claimed. The letters which he exchanged with his cousin, Prince Napoleon (son of Jerome Bonaparte) are the only part of his correspondence to have survived in full. They are very revealing. Prince Napoleon was a more discreditable figure than his Imperial cousin—extremely immoral in private, irresponsible in public. He could never have made himself Emperor, despite the physical resemblance to his uncle, which Louis Napoleon lacked. Yet Prince Napoleon became the conscience of the Second Empire, pointing out the path of Bonapartist duty in Poland, Italy, or Germany. Napoleon III would brush him aside, rebuke him for his scandalous life, remind him of his debts. But in the end the Emperor would follow his cousin's advice. He would patronise nationalism feebly and protestingly; and in the end things would be in worse confusion than before. Louis Napoleon once confessed that he wore the Second of December—the day of his *coup d'état*—"like a shirt of Nessus." He was not worried about the illegality or the massacres that accompanied it. What weighed upon him was that he had broken his bargain. He had seized power in order to repeat the glories of the great Empire; and they were beyond him. He lacked the will even more than the gifts. Mr. Thompson compares Napoleon III to Hamlet. The comparison is not apt, except that both procrastinated. Hamlet was crippled by doubt; Napoleon III was merely lazy. The best verdict that he can expect from history is that, since he did not try to do much good, he did little harm.

Even this verdict would be too generous. By his negligence, he let France slither down from her great position in Europe. Only after his fall did men discover the easy excuse that the decline was inevitable. Why did the French put up with it? This, and not Napoleon's own failure, is the great puzzle of the era. The French were already the most sophisticated political nation in Europe. They cared deeply for freedom, as their rejection of the Jacobins and their increasing indifference to Napoleon I had shown. Mr. Thompson makes great

* *Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire.* By J. M. THOMPSON. *Blackwell.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

play with Bagehot's malicious judgment that Napoleon III was what the French deserved. This weighs little against the observations of every experienced Frenchman. Tocqueville, Thiers, Montalembert, all saw through Napoleon and knew that he was leading France to disaster. Their voices carried through French society; yet nothing happened. Napoleon III thought that universal suffrage had done the trick: it had called in "the twenty-nine million" to silence the million of the educated classes. Perhaps the social peril counted for more. The alarms caused by the revolution of 1848 propped up despotism all over Europe for ten years. But the Second Empire lasted for twenty. Had the French already become bored with politics, absorbed in private pleasures? The early days of the Third Republic hardly bear this out. It is more to the point that the men who reached maturity round about 1850 had grown up under the influence of the Romantic movement. They had been told so often that materialism and constitutional politics were sordid. They had been taught to admire great men, even if they were great criminals. The explanation of the Second Empire can be found in the pages of Balzac. He denounced the established values of stable civilised society; and he ended by hero-worship for two of his own creations, Vautrin and Rastignac. Vautrin was a convict, escaped from the galleys, who became the key-figure of the Paris police. Rastignac carried all before him by his unscrupulousness and glamour. He was, in fact, modelled from Morny, later one of the most disreputable actors in the Second Empire. Louis Napoleon transcended even Balzac's imagination. He was more unscrupulous, more mysterious, more romantic. The Romantic movement had preached for thirty years: "We needs must love the Wickedest when we see it." And here was Louis Napoleon, with his waxed moustache and his soft eye, more wicked than any creature of fiction. Yet he was ineffective even in wickedness. He was not a revival of the great Napoleon; not even a figure from the *Tales of Hoffmann*. He might have passed in his youth for Dick Swiveller. Once he attained success, he turned out to be neither more nor less than Mr. Veneering.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE DARK INTENTION

My first intention was at least not this
That darkly gathers way over the ground.
The dark discloses us in different ways.

Here in this wood can I be this disguise
Wielding a muffled light without a sound?
My first intention was at least not this.

This dark man strong in spades I have to face,
For I who hide and seek shall not be found.
The dark discloses us in different ways.

The wood is walking round me yet this place
Itself which I have made is still profound.
My first intention was at least not this.

What cracked that stick? Who made that black noise?
The dark is seeing what the blind astound.
The dark discloses us in different ways.

From dark to dark, aloneness to aloneness
I move and hope to move out of the round.
My first intention was at least not this.
The dark discloses us in different ways.

W. S. GRAHAM

THE WYKEHAMIST

Rendall of Winchester. By J. D'E. FIRTH. *Oxford.* 25*s*.

Historically the classical tradition and the public school system are closely linked. The discipline of Latin and Greek—and, of course, of athletics and school chapel—was the formula for shaping Matthew Arnold's Philistines, the sons of the *nouveau-riche* industrialists, into gentlemanly members of a new ruling class. If England was to move towards such a dangerous goal as democracy, let its Parliament and Civil Service be dominated by an elite, knit together by the common behaviour patterns which a classical education and spartan living instil. In the last twenty years this classical tradition and the public school *esprit de corps* have been softened in all sorts of ways; but Winchester College has made fewer concessions than most to the twentieth century. It still shares Arnold's contempt for utilitarian education and his belief that it is "useless learning" that elevates the mind and trains it for public service. A biography, therefore, of Dr. Rendall, its most famous Headmaster, is interesting not only to Wykehamists but to anyone interested in education.

For "Monty" was a "character"—the last of the great Victorian Headmasters—and, like all characters, was very variously construed by boys, masters and parents alike. A very few revered him as a great scholar, who maintained the classical tradition, and a great Christian, who led the school in the paths of purity. The majority saw him only as the remote and eccentric apogee of the school hierarchy. Those of us who knew him well will never cease to discuss whether the saint or the mountebank predominated in his character.

As a loyal Old Wykehamist and in his generation a "character" as complex as Rendall himself, Mr. Firth has steered a skilful course. Borrowing his style for a moment, I might say that, whenever he approaches the Scylla of indiscreet caricature, he rapidly tacks back towards the Charybdis of official *pietas*. Succeeding paragraphs cancel each other out in a way that will only confirm the vulgar view that one characteristic of the Wykehamist is his ability to laugh at institutions of which he would resent the slightest criticism by anyone outside the charmed circle.

The official portrait of Rendall can be quickly painted. Son of a typical Victorian country parsonage in the Cotswolds, he had a brilliant career at Harrow and Cambridge, combining sound scholarship with goalkeeping for a famous Corinthian team. Appointed Senior Classics Master at Winchester in 1887, he became first Second Master (in charge of the 70 scholars in College) and then Headmaster. His whole active life, in fact, was confined within the limits of the Anglican Church, the University and the public school.

But what was he really like? I remember him as a vast, raven-like creature, his gown flapping, his garments unattended, his tie a bootlace strung through a golden ring, stalking over College Meads without an overcoat in the drenching rain. I spent two years under him in the senior classical division and regarded him as an awesome figure of fun. His scholarship had been rusted by years of neglect, combined with a delusion that the incantation of Pindar's Odes could be a substitute for seriously preparing the day's lesson. Before 1914 he had become an indiscriminating enthusiast for Italian art and for medieval architecture. But these tastes had degenerated into a Pre-Raphaelite emotional posture and a series of set speeches, repeated like a variety turn to successive generations of schoolboy flatterers. His one published book of poems is a maudlin laughing-stock. His sermons, on which he worked unceasingly, remained the crudest pedagogic pie-jaws, made entertaining by an articulation so fantastically artificial that every one of us could imitate it. Here was a man who, in everything he did and said, caricatured himself; an administrator who could be reckoned on to forget to order any food and drink for a great official function; a teacher who liked his howlers to be noticed by clever boys, so long as they never exposed them; a magnificent host, whose shirt-studs never failed to explode into the College silver between the great candelabra; a Headmaster who flaunted his favouritism for a very few boys and his dislike for those masters who did not pander to his foibles.

Until I read *Rendall of Winchester* I had forgotten this magnificently grotesque figure. Mr. Firth has stoked my memory, and I now realise that, at the time, I regarded him as all that a Headmaster should be, and treated his successor, the present Bishop of Winchester—so scholarly, efficient and fair—as rather a comedown. Schoolboys have a remarkable power of accepting any practice, however barbaric, any rule, however unjust, and any behaviour, however eccentric, provided they are part of the Establishment. Like everyone else, I laughed at Monty Rendall behind his back, flattered him to his face, and accepted him as a Wykehamical institution. After all, most of our institutions were just as inexplicable and not merely so delightful as the Headmaster. Here was a school set apart from the world in exquisite monastic buildings, playing its own peculiar football and employing its own peculiar language and conventions ("Notions," they were called), which every boy had to spend his first fortnight learning out of a large printed volume. In this schoolboy oligarchy, scholarship meant mastery of two dead languages; history ended with the fall of Rome; English had to be assimilated outside the classroom; French was taught by classics masters proudly "using the English pronunciation"; and science (two hours a week for most of us) was despised as the occupation of lab-boys. There for six years I fought first for survival and then for success, according to rules which barred very few holds. Looking back now, I can understand why I never doubted that Monty Rendall was the most Notional of all Notions, a sacred cow browsing in the classical temple, to be revered, despite his palpable absurdities.

The secret of Winchester—and, indeed, of the classical tradition in our leading public schools—is that it imposes on a boy's mind a complex structure of rules, a rigid hierarchy of values, and a system of taboos, privileges and obligations utterly remote from his home life or from the world outside. Any boy who entered Winchester had to accept them at once as protective colouring of his individual personality. Then he learnt to use them as an instrument for self-advancement. I suspect that the majority of boys—even at Winchester, where the entrance exam requires a scholarship standard—assimilate very little of the classical tradition. They take from it merely its external forms, in particular that blend of intellectual arrogance and conventional good manners which is so much resented by those who do not qualify for the old school tie. As for the few who have the ability to master its esoteric secrets, they fall into three groups. Most of these very able boys are mentally dehydrated by the rigours of the classical discipline and uncritically accept its scale of values as the ultimate of truth, beauty and goodness. These are the permanent Wykehamists, who remain all their lives spiritually at school, although their careers may well make them in their fifties Permanent Under-Secretaries, Chancery Judges, Vice-Chancellors or Archdeacons. Such men revere Rendall quite uncritically as a great Headmaster.

Others accept the tradition with varying degrees of sceptical detachment. Like Mr. Firth, they alternate the reverent Amen with a snigger, which makes them feel that they are now grown men with open minds. A few—their minds sharpened by six years of mental struggle with the tradition but in lifelong reaction against it—remain grateful to Winchester for teaching them that all institutions, laws and persons in authority may well turn out to be as bizarre a mixture of the good and the fraudulent as their old Headmaster. They are the radical throw-outs of the Public School system; and some of them even become "traitors to their class."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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JOHN MURRAY

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GRASPING A WHOLE

The Poetry of Dylan Thomas. By ELDER OLSON. *Chicago: Cambridge.* 25*s.*

Professor Olson is a leading light of the Chicago neo-Aristotelians, who have been at war for years with the "New Critics"—the American critics who, inspired by such various English masters as Mr. Eliot, Dr. Leavis, Dr. Richards and Professor Empson, have felt that our best card of entry into any poem is our grasp of verbal complexities in detail. Verbal detail, or "diction" as they generally call it, is to the neo-Aristotelians both a minor concern for criticism and a minor element in poetic art. It is something to be considered only after examining broad depictive techniques and total dramatic shape. Grasping a whole should precede niggling about parts, and often makes such niggling unnecessary. Mr. Olson's key sentence about this is on page 58—"Once one gets the whole, the parts are clear"—and it will range, I imagine, most of his readers in fairly even groups for and against him. I feel myself both that there are poems of Thomas's which I feel to be good, because of the obscure brilliance of "the parts," though I have not "got the whole" and poems where I have "got the whole" (the general drift and the changing pressure of feeling) without "the parts being clear" by any means. On the other hand, I think it probably is true that there is an element in literature, the element of structure and symbolism, that can be discussed usefully in abstraction from diction, and that in Thomas's case it has not been discussed enough. We have all concentrated too much, perhaps, in writing about Thomas, on isolated verbal puzzles.

The triumph of the non-verbal method of approach, the approach through structure and symbolism, in Mr. Olson's book is the chapter on the sonnet-sequence in *Twenty-Five Poems*. I think the usual verdict on this sequence is that it is full of magnificent rhetoric, and is broadly about the onset and final conquest of Christian despair, but that it is a failure on the whole because the associations of ideas and images are more arbitrary than anywhere else in Thomas, and indeed in many places impenetrably private. Mr. Olson's verdict is that this sequence is perhaps Thomas's greatest single achievement. He convicts us all, though not polemically, of gross ignorance about a centrally important set of poetic properties—the constellations, their movements and their mythological significance—and proves that the difficulty of this sequence is not due to impenetrable privacy but to something very different, learned riddling or *trobar clus:* Thomas here is something like an English Gongora. Thus, the opening lines—

> Altarwise by owl-light in the half-way house
> The gentleman lay graveward with his furies—

do not merely have the vague connotative ominousness we have attributed to them, but mean precisely: 'The constellation Hercules ("the gentleman") at night ("by owl-light") during the autumnal equinox ("in the half-way house") was moving towards Ara ("Altarwise") and declining to the west ("lay graveward") attended by the Scorpion, the Dragon, and the Head of the Serpent in Ophiucus ("his furies").'

It is all, of course, complicatedly symbolical. Hercules is a kind of stand-in for the sun (which is why later in the sequence Hercules is described as "the fake gentleman"), and the sun is a symbol for man, or more precisely for man's vain attempts at self-deification before the Christian revelation—attempts made vain by change, decay, mortality, symbolised by the eternal and inexorable wheeling of the constellations, by the fact that when any constellation reaches its meridian it must begin to decline. This astronomical pattern is worked out in rigorous detail throughout the poem. When Christ rises to dominate the scene it is not in His human person, but as Cygnus, the Northern Cross. The splendid lines—

> This was the crucifixion on the mountain,
> Time's nerve in vinegar, the gallow grave
> As tarred with blood as the bright thorns I wept—

refer not *directly* to the crucifixion, the rock tomb, the poet's doubts about the resurrection, but to Cygnus's beginning to go down the sky, to sink. (Not Christ Himself is exempt from the great wheel.) "God's Mary in her grief" in the next line similarly refers only indirectly to Our Lady and directly to the constellation Virgo, which now rises.

One of Mr. Olson's points about the last fine sonnet of this series should specially interest readers of the NEW STATESMAN. The sonnet is about the resurgence of Christian hope (Cygnus is rising again, and if Christ descended, it was only to harrow Hell). Both Mr. Empson and myself in these pages dealt with the last lines of this sonnet:

> . . . to that Day
> When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom
> My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree—

and we were both worried about why it should be so right that the worm (and not a dove, for instance) builds this nest of mercies. We could have found an answer farther back in the sequence, in the line

> Butt of the tree-tailed worm that mounted Eve—

and arrived at Mr. Olson's simple (but somehow disappointing?) explanation that according to an ancient Gnostic doctrine the Serpent will co-operate in the work of final salvation. But I am not sure that Thomas's layers of meaning are ever simple, or that we were wholly off some relevant track. The non-serpent connotations of "worm" do, I still feel, some of the poetic work here.

It is interesting to note the sort of puzzle that does *not* bother Mr. Olson. I said the "rude, red tree" in the above lines was the Cross (crudely constructed, daubed with blood); Mr. Empson said it was, among other things, a phallic image (he had in his mind's eye, possibly, a genealogical tree showing us all emerging from Adam's loins). The phrase doesn't bother Mr. Olson at all, and when he does occasionally bother about isolated verbal details he is sometimes very obtuse, indeed:

> Similarly, with the adaptation of "a nose for news" into a "jaw for news"; such a jaw becomes a possibility only if we equate "news" with the latest events or happenings, as in fact we do in the conventions of ordinary conversation.

This made me blink. Surely "a jaw for news" is *exactly* the same sort of metaphor as "a nose for news," only freshened and sharpened ("He not only sniffs news out, he gobbles it up")? And what the devil *does* "news" ever mean except "the latest events or happenings"? One famous phrase about which Mr. Olson's preoccupation with getting the one right meaning in an interlocking structure, the piece to fit the jigsaw, seems to lead him astray is "a dog among the fairies." He takes the dog to be Cerberus, still alive for Thomas as a symbol of destruction, where the other figures of pagan mythology are all unreal (we do not "believe in" fairies). But following up the Cerberus clue, he could have remembered that the medieval fairyland is the Pagan underworld transformed—Thomas the Rhymer's "Queen of Fair Elfland" was Persephone, more or less, looking for company in Hades—so the phrase can mean, much more coherently, Cerberus among the shades. He could also, on quite another tack, have considered those vulgar uses of language to which Thomas was never indifferent, what a "fairy" is or was in Soho slang, and what we mean by calling someone "a bit of a dog." I am morally certain there is a layer of oblique self-reference here and that one thing Thomas meant was that he himself was a hearty, aggressive, heterosexual little fellow—"the artist as a young dog"—in a somewhat epicene literary London. Mr. Olson's approach doesn't allow for such double-talk, and he makes the poems tidy, often at the expense of making them over-simple. But what Mr. Olson does for Thomas's grand structures, particularly in the sonnets, makes us forgive him for what he fails to do in detail.

G. S. FRASER

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THE DO-GOODERS

Fetch Her Away. By RUTH ADAM. *Chapman & Hall.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Good novels are not, for some reason, written by people who know as much as Mrs. Adam does about "delinquency," boarding-out, children's care committees, and welfare officers. She had, therefore, a clear field. She also had a subject that Dickens would have loved, an elliptical style that anyone might envy, and a sense of humour like the flash of a cat's eyes under a railway arch.

So this beautifully observed story, of Suzanne Turpin's pitiful little Odyssey from a "broken home" through probation and Approved School to adolescent pregnancy and loveless marriage, though it seems at times a hard and bitter book, is at once a social study and a novel of ineffable charm. While I read it I lived in and with it, to the total exclusion of most other matters; I put it down, at the end, with a genuine sigh of regret; and I shall not forget it.

Partly, of course it is the story of Jackie Duffle, Welfare Officer, whose concern for the Suzanne Turpins of the Children Act, 1948, cost her a fiancée and the best ten years of her life:

> Miss Duffle looked years older than Suzanne remembered her, and not glamorous at all. She had on a sort of man's dressing gown, which seemed a pity. Dressing gowns could do so much for a girl and this didn't do anything. Suzanne had the impression she'd been crying. It was a bore, just when you wanted someone's help, to find them taken up with some trouble of their own.

But Suzanne's is the central story, and as she is constantly "fetched away" from her second-best homes there runs through it as a refrain, poignantly sustained by the lightest of evocative touches, the children's party jingle: "Who will you send to fetch her away, on a cold and frosty morning?" And the narrative has a relentless and unblinking veracity. There are moments of deceptive gentleness, as in the generously out-of-focus portrait of a Juvenile Court at work (page 119

cnwards), starting from the moment when Suzanne "woke up, on the morning of the Court, extremely nervous, and was sick after breakfast though she didn't tell anyone about it," and going through the familiar routine:

"Why did you steal these things, Suzanne?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Did you want some money for running away?" asked one of the old ladies.
"No, miss."
"Why did you take these things, then?"
"I just wanted them."

That dialogue has happened in Court today, it will happen tomorrow and every day, sustaining without effort the conventional condemnation of "I see, I want, I take;" and it never leads anywhere. Still, as Jackie Duffle might say, they have to say something to the child and you would hardly expect them to sing or pray. But Mrs. Adam has neat little tributes for all the hard-working people in the growing industry of "fetching away"—except the psychiatrists, who come off badly:

> It would be unfair to the staff of the Herbert Green Home to give the impression that they had no truck with psychiatry. On the contrary, when a child (as one or another frequently did) took to stealing in a systematic way, they did not, as their Victorian predecessors would have done, shut him up in a dark room and refer in threatening tones to God. Instead, they sent for the psychiatrist, who produced slightly monotonous reports proving that deprived children resented their parentless state.

It is only to the psychiatrists, indeed, that Mrs. Adam is unremittingly unfair. In this she is in the fashion of the moment, using buck-shot instead of the little poisoned darts with which she picks off so many of the do-gooders who plague Children's Officers, and she punctures a few undeserving hides. But there is rich and cruel entertainment in this book, leavening the compassion while it spares the reader no pathos.

C. H. ROLPH

ONE RING TO BIND THEM

The Fellowship of the Ring. By J. R. R. TOLKIEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Of course, if you like psychological studies of B.B.C. types, this is not your book. Nor is it if you are a straight crime fan. But if you are deeply interested in motive, some of which may be of the kind to lead to heroic action, and if you want a madly exciting chase, no holds, normal or magic, barred, then this is the book for you. Above all, if you are someone who still likes reading fairy tales, with acceptance of their symbolic and sometimes historical truth, then you will welcome this first volume of the coming trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*.

Suppose, instead of being round (as it so obviously isn't) and dropping down from East Anglia or Land's End into Russia or the United States, the world was flat, well, there would be a different geography, and at its edges giants, dwarfs, dragons and other beings whose destinies are different from those of men, but interacting with them at certain points of space and time. A map, embodying this type of geography, unfolds at the end of *The Fellowship of the Ring* by Professor Tolkien. Much of the book is translated from Elvish and Dwarvish, from the Red Book of the Hobbits and from various runes of a type unfamiliar to most, if not all students of Runic, but available to Professor Tolkien who, after all, has inspired generations of early medieval historians at Oxford. He has no trouble at all with these languages. If now and then the names seem vaguely Saxon, vaguely Gothic, surprisingly Afghan or somewhat Icelandic, that is because their original language corresponds to the language spoken in these parts of the hitherto known world. Doubtless the inhabitants of the Ice Bay of Forochel, to the north of the map, speak something akin to the Lapp or Esquimaux languages, since their inevitably similar ways of life would tend to produce a similar grammatical structure. The Ice Bay comes into the map but not into this first volume. Never mind: it is there in the map, in the mythology; it is there on purpose; we shall know about it one day, even if we have to wait for the third volume or even beyond.

Those who have not read *The Hobbit*, which was meant primarily for children, though I am not yet old enough to have stopped re-reading it, may not know about Hobbits. This book begins on the eleventyfirst birthday of Bilbo Baggins, the hero of the earlier book, when, after a wonderful party, he disappeared for ever from The Shire, leaving to his nephew Frodo, a normally amiable and comfort-loving hobbit, the burden of becoming a hero for adults. Indeed it seems, from the look of the last paragraph of this book, that the burden may even be that of a saviour. But let us hope for the second and third volume very soon. Then we shall know.

Meanwhile the most extraordinary, terrifying and beautiful things happen, all to do with the master-ring of the nineteen other rings, some destroyed and dispersed, a few in good hands but most in the hands of evil. Gradually the companions of the ring gather, for the always recognisable fight against the dark power: Aragorn, the lost king, Gandalf the grey wizard, the elf Legolas, Gimli the high-hearted dwarf, the all-too-human Boromir, and the rest of the hobbits, including, most fortunately, Sam Gamgee and his rope. This little company are pitted against the vast and growing shadow of the land of Mordor. But they are, on the whole and with all their failings, the *good* and by that related to ourselves, since we do, whatever we may pretend, usually recognise good when we come across it in ourselves and others. Evil is rather harder to recognise; luckily it does not attract to itself quite so many allies. But do not think that this book is an allegory, to be neatly worked out. It is nothing so annoying—for one man's allegory is another man's irritation. It is a bigger bit of creation altogether: perhaps a mythology. For surely we humans have not yet come to the end of our myth-spinning. And if a mythology is to be invented it must be done in a whole-hearted and scholarly manner, by such a person as Professor Tolkien.

Certain aspects of this mythic world are not completely worked out. Professor Tolkien is not an economist; there are uncertainties on the scientific side. But on the fully human side, from the standpoint of history and semantics, everything is there. And above all it is a story magnificently told, with every kind of colour and movement and greatness.

NAOMI MITCHISON

ROMAN LETTERS AND TRADE

Roman Literature. By MICHAEL GRANT. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

Rome Beyond the Imperial Frontiers. By MORTIMER WHEELER. *Bell.* 25*s.*

"Who is here so rude that he would not be a Roman?" Nowadays most people either mislike antiquity or suppose that they would rather be Greeks; and we endure such absurdities as that Horatian essayist and proconsul of the purest Roman mould, Sir Harold Nicolson, denouncing all things Roman and finding no virtue in Virgil. Roman, not Greek literature created our own. Ovid is intertwined with Shakespeare; Milton is Virgilian, not Homeric; Burke and Churchill echo Cicero, not Demosthenes; as for satire, Dryden, Oldham, Johnson, even Wordsworth, thought they could not do better than to paraphrase Juvenal. Not all is profit; the ineffable tedium of the Greek Menander would have been lost to the world if he had not been imitated by Plautus and Terence and so handed on to haunt every play now running in London that has a dear old dishonest servant in it.

Very few people now read Latin for pleasure. Even those excellent tags of Latin that used to fly about like kingfishers over the English stream died soon after 1914, which was the last year when you could confidently pronounce *laudator*

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JONATHAN CAPE

temporis acti as if it were English. So Professor Grant has done something that accords well with his Chair of Humanity at Edinburgh University in writing a book on Roman literature with hardly a word of Latin in it. It is a remarkable feat of organisation, everything weighed, wrapped up and neatly packed in less than 300 pages. The translations are generally well chosen, though there is a musty piece ("with regard to . . . . in respect of") from Cicero. Even better is the representation of Latin authors by their echoes and paraphrases in English literature, Byron "after Horace," Landor "after Catullus," Gray, Tennyson, Arnold remembering Lucretius. But it is sad not to find that noble echo where Wordsworth's "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused [that] rolls through all things" invokes the most splendid moment of Virgil's affirmation: "*Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.*" With the help of Sir Maurice Bowra and W. F. Jackson Knight, Professor Grant does manage to speak of the grandeur of Virgil, but his own contribution tends to be in terms of "this complex profundity is secured by a far greater flexibility of word-order than we have in our own poetry." True, true, and just the sort of thing which will enable you to get a scholarship. This is a book no school library can afford to be without. The summaries of Roman notions of history and poetry are not only rich dark slabs of don's delight, they are also the kind of criticism that can enlarge the gates of perception.

"From the woods of Hertfordshire to the palm-groves of Coromandel these red-glazed cups and dishes symbolise the routine adventures of tradesmen whose story may be set only a little below that of King Alexander himself." Amber from free Germany, ivory from Fezzan, incense from Arabia; "in peninsular India grows the abundant pepper that has for more than 2,000 years mitigated the cooking of the Western World; and China had a monopoly of silk until the sixth century A.D." For these five commodities, with pearls, tortoiseshell, muslin, skins, spices and slaves to make up a cargo and enlarge business, Rome debased her coinage, enraged Juvenal and set up trading-posts from Sweden to Siam. This enormous activity had little effect upon history; it is possible that the Germanic tribes were enticed to plunder by the glamour of Roman objects, but certain that they broke up and buried in peat-bogs vast stores of military booty; the Garamantes may have built under Roman influence the irrigation system by the Wadi El-Agial, they certainly drank Italian wine and buried Campanian glassware with their dead; but Greco-Roman trade statuary did have a decisive influence on the Buddhist art of North-West India—for it seems that we must abandon the view that the striking Western element in "Gandharic" art is due to Alexander's conquest.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler conceals his own eminent position in the archæology of India and claims only to add "a new actuality, a new perspective" to the work of Charlesworth and others. I fancy that archæologists will find his book important. To the layman it is history in high romance. Where our forefathers delighted in battle and rescue we dote on a first century Roman mausoleum in the Sahara associated with neolithic knives of obsidian imported from Pantelleria; or that fantastic collection of Eastern and Western *objets d'art* excavated from a building (here brilliantly identified as a customs-house) at Begram beneath the Hindu Kush. Sir Mortimer Wheeler is the best guide imaginable, clear, learned, objective, and enjoying it all so much himself. The illustrations enlarge the pleasure of the text and many are of very beautiful things.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

HENRY OF EXETER

Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, 1778-1869
By G. C. B. DAVIES. *S.P.C.K.* 42*s*.

"There is nothing in the world," wrote Dean Stanley after his interview with Pio Nono, "that interests me so much as an ecclesiastical curiosity." Alas, his avowal will find few echoes among the present generation. We gourmets of the Establishment are a shrinking fraternity. Yet any curiosity, sacred or profane, is always welcome to the connoisseur of human nature and from this standpoint alone, the life of Henry of Exeter deserves attention.

In his famous adjectival catalogue of nineteenth-century bishops, Mr. Raymond Mortimer labelled him "the pugnacious Phillpotts." A prelate whose episcopate was commemorated in more than 50 lawsuits at a cost of between £20,000 and £30,000 could certainly be called that. (Why, I wonder, did Mr. Davies not make use of these telling figures?) One might, however, with equal justice, call him the learned, devout, courageous, place-hunting, reactionary, vindictive Phillpotts, for he deserved all these epithets. The "mitred termagent," Greville's "old fawning sinner," became the friend and counsellor of the Tractarians. In his hey-day he was quite up to giving spiritual advice to the Duke of Wellington. (In one of his letters to the Duke he recommends bribing the Roman Curia in order to prevent disaffection in Ireland.) To the student of church history, Phillpotts's life is a conundrum; the good and bad in his character were mixed in large and startling proportions.

It is a conundrum Mr. Davies's book does little to solve. He has written a painstaking and exhaustive account of the bishop which often reads more like a history of the diocese of Exeter than a plain biography. There is a contemporary life of Phillpotts by a Mr. Shutte, an Exeter rector, a racy forthright production, written rather in the style of Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*. Unfortunately, the book was never finished, for, once the first volume appeared, the bishop secured an injunction restraining Shutte from publishing any more of his letters. Mr. Davies has made a gallant effort to fill a 37-year gap in our knowledge of the bishop's life, but he has not succeeded. His book cannot fail to interest, for it contains much new material, including a good deal of Phillpotts's correspondence. Yet it fails to provide us with any final assessment of the bishop's character. Mr. Davies can only list the bizarre contradictions as they appear; he makes no effort to resolve them.

Phillpotts was a High Churchman of the old type, a strong sacramentalist, a stickler for baptismal regeneration and the Real Presence. He was the disciple of the venerable Dr. Routh and the mentor of Pusey and Keble, sworn foe to the Reform Bill, Irish Disestablishment, Dr. Hampden, the Jerusalem Bishopric, registry marriages and the deceased wife's sister. All his life, first for himself and later for his children (there were eighteen of them), he was a shrewd placeman. He declined the headship of an Oxford college at 23 and an Irish bishopric 22 years later. He got a firm footing on the Anglican ladder by marrying Lady Eldon's niece; in no time he was collated to the richest living in England. His controversial skill made him useful to Government. He wrote powerfully in support of the Peterloo Massacre and even more so against Catholic Emancipation. When Wellington's government finally veered round to emancipation, Phillpotts veered with them. Oxford churchmen reviled him as "the Great Rat," but the *Dictionary of English Church History* declares that "he was unjustly accused," and Mr. Davies gives his conscience the benefit of the doubt. In 1830 Phillpotts became a bishop. His episcopate lasted for almost forty years and was the stormiest of the nineteenth century. It culminated in the famous Gorham Judgment, which Phillpotts won in the Court of Arches but lost in the Privy Council. As a result of it, he severed communion with Sumner, the Primate.

Phillpotts was a fierce shepherd of souls. He assembled a synod, provoked surplice riots and increased his curates' salaries. He also made life unbearable for his Evangelical clergy. He harried the Laodiceans: "*Mr. Ley* of St. Paul, Exeter, cannot reside, and asks me what I advise? I answer, *resignation*," is a typical memorandum. Only one clergyman, a hunting parson named John Froude, ever got the better of him.

> . . . reports of his ill-conduct were so numerous that Phillpotts visited him one winter morning to find him sitting wrapped up over the fire; at once he ordered a glass of brandy and water, "hot and strong for the Bishop". His lordship positively declined the stimulant, and endeavoured to explain the object of his visit. But Froude, apparently not hearing, cut him short by saying, "It's my only doctor, my lord, is a drop of brandy; and if I had but taken it when I got my chill, I shouldn't be now as I be, deaf as a haddock, and nursing this fire like an old woman". Phillpotts heard no more, but returned home. In ten minutes' time, so goes the story, Froude was seen to mount his horse and trot away, accompanied by his hounds. Russell also told the story that Phillpotts made another visit to Froude, but departed rapidly on being told that Froude was in bed with typhus.

Though he condemned *Tract XC*, in general Phillpotts favoured the Tractarians. He offered Keble the living of Paignton because he considered him "the most eminently good man in the Church." He bravely supported (though he afterwards dropped) Miss Sellon's Anglican sisterhood. At an indignant public enquiry at Plymouth,

> . . . one questioner wished to know what beads the Lady Superior kept under her pillow, to which the Bishop tartly replied: "I frankly say, as a man, I will not ask a question upon that point. I will not pursue a lady to her bed-chamber".

Speaking in the same town towards the end of his life he pleaded movingly for spiritual unity among his clergy, and confessed:

> I am not ignorant that during my long life I have been very much exposed to that very state of feeling which I earnestly hope you may pass by without sin. . . . I doubt not that I have suffered, and I doubt not that I have sinned, if with any vehemence or without knowledge I have fought, or unwisely acted towards my fellow ministers in Christ. I trust in God that He has made me see how much better charity is than all else . . .

As Mr. Davies says, "it was a handsome apology." Yet it leaves the reader wondering.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

Low Notes On A High Level. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Emigrants. By GEORGE LAMMING. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

The Cobweb. By WILLIAM GIBSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Caesar's Honour. By JANET HEPBURN. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Start with the soufflé? Why not? Especially if it has really risen. Down then—before projecting yourselves into the skins of West Indians in London with Mr. Lamming, the new young Afro-British hope of fiction, or on to the staffs, with Mr. Gibson of an American private mental hospital, and with Miss Hepburn of a much harassed British force in Italy—to Mr. Priestley's light entertainment.

In *Low Notes On A High Level* he is in such crackling form that there is nothing left for his enemies to do except perhaps to suggest that some decadent clown has been hocussing his tobacco pouch with tumbleweed. This is a gay satirical caper aimed in the direction of the B.B.C., with special reference to television, mass-mindedness, and government by Quiz Master. There are two essentials for such a book: live characters and up-to-the-minute contemporary observation. Both are here. Alan, the young composer-hero, instead of being tweedy and twee, is faintly saturnine. His girl, Inga, so nubile and pursuing, has real charm. Also in the round is Sir Lancelot Telly, the conductor, a huge bouncing by no means unsympathetic, only semi-phoney, crypto-queer. There are some merry opening scenes at high level policy meetings with Air-Marshal Block in the chair, and a donnish sociologist bleating "for a longer term view" of the new parlour game "Call It Clumps." The plot turns on the performance of a great Scandinavian composer's new symphony with a lot of heroic schnapps-drinking (the alcoholic euphoria is most vividly communicated) and some boisterous but not too laboured fun with huge musical instruments. There is an interlude, of which more perhaps might have been made, at a pirate television freedom station in a foxy entrepreneur's back-room. Burly, free-living Scandinavians, who seem to have become, for Mr. Priestley, since his realisation that all is not well with the Little Island man, almost a new *herrenvolk*, act as *dei ex machina*. The mood is thoroughly good-humoured, but the B.B.C. catches it pretty hot and the revolting lower middle-classes, those stubborn cretins, come in for sharp castigation. Altogether, most enjoyable.

Barbados, where Mr. Lamming comes from, and about which he wrote his excellent first book *In The Castle Of My Skin*, is about the size of the Isle of Wight. It is the most English, Protestant and humdrum island in the West Indies. It has produced great boxers, like the original Joe Walcott, but you might think it less likely than cosmopolitan Trinidad, or even Jamaica, to produce an exciting new writer. There are some promising young Trinidadian writers, such as Samuel Selvon, but Mr. Lamming is, so far, the outstanding literary figure of the new West Indian movement: you can't call it a renaissance because it never had a first birth. It seems to be something more than a mere economic migration. As one of the characters in *The Emigrants* puts it:

> We never hear so much talk till lately 'bout West Indies. Everybody sayin' me is West Indian. We is West Indians. West Indian this, West Indian that. You want to know wa'at happenin' all of a sudden. Me look into history a little an' say to myself, when a man start callin' his name all the time, for all an' sundry to know, watch out, him ain't sure wa't his name is.

The book begins on board ship with a company of emigrants from all over the islands bound for London. As they talk and talk, salient figures emerge: Tornado with his girl-friend Lilian; a jovial knowledgeable raconteur, formerly in the R.A.F., called the Governor; poor Dickson, a paranoically suspicious schoolmaster; Collis, a writer; Queenie, a dancer; Miss Bis who was the subject of an unfortunate Calypso. As the ship nears Plymouth they become more and more anxious, and in the train on the way to Paddington Mr. Lamming breaks into free verse. Struggling in the unfriendly wen we meet them all again, plus some Africans, in Negro barbers' shops, at a hostel, in lodgings in West London. Nothing tremendously sensational happens. There is a hint of drug, or rather aphrodisiac peddling, a tiny orgy, and a rather untidy scene right at the end when the Governor, now running a club, loses his temper and kicks a woman, one of a newly arrived batch of emigrants looking for succour from fellow islanders. There are some obvious weaknesses. The construction is slovenly, the story unfocused, Mr. Lamming himself appears for a moment in person at the beginning, then vanishes to reappear again once before the end. There are signs of unassimilated London intellectual influences: a habit of pointless philosophising—("People have gone to sleep and never awakened. This could have happened to them. There was no greater reason it shouldn't have happened than there would have been if it had happened")—and a straining after obliquity that causes unnecessary confusion. But these are comparatively unimportant. The straight description is excellent, firm, clear, modern prose; and the vernacular dialogue lively as can be. Mr. Lamming is a real writer; it is a pleasure to watch him training.

Novels about mental hospitals are rare, nearly always readable, and seldom good. *The Cobweb*, though a first novel by a man, reads like the work of some experienced lady old-stager, as if it had been written with an eye on Hollywood, which has, in fact, already bought it. There is the usual 'Analyst, analyse thyself!" theme. Enlightened young Dr. McIver is married to a cold vain bitch but really in love, without knowing it, with Meg Rinehard, the social worker. The superintendent, Dr. Devereux, is a middle-aged rake, slipping fast. Trouble finally breaks over the new drapes (curtains) with designs by young Stevie Holt—allegedly schizophrenic, though I incline to dispute this diagnosis—who is Dr. McIver's pet patient. Official refusal to hang them gives him a trauma and touches off a fugue. But everything comes right in the end and McIver wins through. There are several improbabilities, such as the utter dependence on the rich patroness, the lack of a doctor on the staff who can attend to a simple matter of physical treatment. Another weakness in the clinical department is that we meet so few patients: scarcely any apart from Larry and the naughty fat queer who teases him. But it is all very slickly done with masses of bright dialogue and will probably find its way into half the shopping baskets in the Home Counties.

Cæsar's Honour, though also a candidate for the shopping basket, is a hysterical, forced affair, likely to give you cramps in the cranium. It is about a near lunatic British force on an East Mediterranean island. The General's horsey-looking wife dashes back to London (why does she arrive at Liverpool Street? Or have I missed something?) to prosecute her age-long love-affair with a middle-aged solicitor. While the Sergeant's wife is expecting, the sergeant fornicates on the rocks with the General's wife's maid, mistress of Carlos (*sic*) the local Communist Party boss. The Captain is married to an Italian countess:

> "Love me!" she whispered, and he felt the fierce pressure of her hips vibrating in his own loins. If his English mind abhorred such demonstrations after an eight o'clock breakfast, the smoothness of her, the heat and the scent of her, held for a moment, all that was in him of passion.

Yet he prefers Mary Dawson, the General's P.A. It all ends with a most improbable Communist riot. In fact, Miss Hepburn has been using the whip on the tosh horse.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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SHORTER REVIEWS

The Esquire Treasury. Edited by ARNOLD GINGRICH. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The American male has always been a self-consciously manly mammal; perhaps, since Dr. Kinsey blew the gaff, is more so now than ever. Thurber's hen-pecked husbands are in the minority, huddled in the coop of the *New Yorker*. *Esquire*, which attains its majority this year, has always backed Paul Bunyan against Walter Mitty; but then so, of course, has Walter Mitty. This anthology has been chosen by Arnold Gingrich, who founded and still edits the hairy-chested monthly. It does not supplant the earlier *Bedside Esquire*, although there are some tough redundancies.

Whether conscious red-bloodedness be neurotic or not—it is not necessarily so—there is no doubting the remarkable quality of many of the pieces here assembled, and their quality is more apparent, divorced from their glossy context, of which "Graphics Section" is a small but hideous reminder. This skilfully composed book also conceals the deterioration of the magazine during recent years, which may be due to the war, when masculinity was put to the test in other places than Key West, and torpedoes displaced tarpon. Worship of the male has found more dubious expression in such publications as *Iron Man*, compared with which *Esquire*—at any rate in these pages—seems normal and natural. The first section contains some famous "Extra Base Hits," such as "Latins are Lousy Lovers"; "Memorable Fiction" includes stories by Hemingway, Steinbeck, Nelson Algren, Caldwell, Scott Fitzgerald, Frank O'Connor and Aldous Huxley (!); "Fact and Fancy" has some of that *surreportage* in which Americans excel.

Authority and Freedom: Some Psychological Problems of Religious Belief. By ROBERT H. THOULESS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Hulsean lectures at Cambridge are usually given by a cleric, but in 1952 they were entrusted to an eminent psychologist, Professor R. H. Thouless, who chose to discuss some psychological problems of religious belief. The lay point of view is refreshing. Professor Thouless is a religious liberal, and in his view mystical insight and practical goodness are more important than exact theological definition; theology is for the experts and its technicalities should not be forced on the ordinary man. Orthodoxy is necessary for accredited preachers, but standards of belief may safely be lowered for new lay members. A system of dogma, says Dr. Thouless, is no more than a map, valuable only as a means to a spiritual journey; we need the best map we can get, but all maps are approximations and guides, not finalities in themselves. Fundamentals should be few; many beliefs should be optional, and some, "orthodox but non-essential," should be reserved for experienced believers only. In this last class Dr. Thouless, who describes himself as a loyal son of the Church of England, puts the virgin birth of Christ, but it is not clear whether he himself holds it. As an investigation into the psychology of belief, after the manner of William James rather than of Freud, the lectures are helpful, but as theology and as history they are perhaps a little naive.

MIND

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edited by **Prof. GILBERT RYLE**

Contents for October 1954

Logos and Forms in Plato	R. C. CROSS
Meaning and Implication	JONATHAN BENNETT
The Empiricist Theory of Memory	R. F. HOLLAND
Analytic Statements	MORRIS WEITZ
Positivism and Realism	L. O. PINSKY
Causal Implication	G. P. HENDERSON

DISCUSSION NOTES

Mr. Hampshire on the Analogy of Feeling	ERIK GÖTLIND
Participating versus Mastering	N. ROTENSTREICH
Mr. Richard Robinson's Criticism of Essence	A. D. RITCHIE
Sleeping and Waking	M. J. BAKER
The Concept of Evolution	R. J. SPILSBURY

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NELSON

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The Land First. By RALPH WHITLOCK. *Museum Press.* 25*s.*

Mr. Whitlock is one of the most practical and convincing of the multitude of publicists who in their different ways strive to instruct the townsman in the ways of the countryside. In his latest book he gives the urban tourist a methodical running commentary on the various matters of interest which arise during a slow, observant journey through our farm lands. Each of his chapters is, in effect, a lengthy, balanced, and pleasantly conversational answer to some general question with the "advisory aid" of Mr. Whitlock's leisurely accent replaced by more than forty skilfully-chosen, skilfully-taken and skilfully-reproduced photographs. He describes the crops, the stock and the machinery we see from the road and the part each plays in the agricultural system. He shows the importance of the fences, the land-drainage schemes, the water and electricity services and the buildings which form the framework wherein the farmer lives and moves and has his economic being. He discusses the influence of prices and weather and he tells us something of such men and institutions behind the farm as the engineer, the veterinary surgeon and the Milk Marketing Board. All he says is sound and most of it is important. We should, for instance, be a wiser nation if we appreciated the implications of his list of essential qualifications for the successful farmer; capital, business ability and farming skill, in that order.

Indeed, as a series of articles on particular agricultural topics *The Land First* is a wholly admirable compilation. As an account of an industry, however, it is less effective. The parts are more obvious than the whole and there is little attempt to discuss such general factors in the farming economy as technical education, credit facilities, or the peculiar characteristics of the family farm. It is in no sense a modern edition of *The Astor Report* and the dust-cover misleads when it calls it "a comprehensive survey." Nevertheless, this book is a first-class guide to the countryside.

The Heart of a Peacock. By EMILY CARR. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

In her late middle age, after many years of obscurity, Emily Carr (1871-1945) became recognised as one of Canada's leading painters. She turned to the medium of writing in her sixties and seventies, when she was crippled by ill-health. This posthumous collection, like her previous books, consists chiefly of autobiographical sketches and short stories—forms which suited the pensive brief directness of her style. Apart from a few childhood reminiscences, the tales in the present volume have two main themes: the lives of the Indian families on the west coast of North America; and the behaviour of various wild birds and animals towards the friendly human. The reader may not share the author's almost obsessional liking for the intimate companionship of many of these feral creatures (they include rat, crow, vulture, monkey, coon and gull); yet there is no doubt that her sympathy produced remarkable results; as the title story tells, the peacock itself—that symbol of vanity and self-love—may be capable of a long-standing loyal affection for a human acquaintance. The Indian tales are also the records of Emily Carr's observation and knowledge. One concerns an Indian woman's eighteen dead children; others, the strange power and dignity of the symbolic animal carvings in the people's lives.

Taken separately, many of the sketches are slight; as a whole, they reveal a writer whose simplicity is deceptive; a stubborn original. Their sentimental streak is offset as much by their curious economy of phrasing as by the author's shrewd understanding and judgment. Those who enjoy these tales would do well to look up the three or four previous books of Emily Carr for the light they throw on her life and on her work.

Manuel de Falla: His Life and Works. By JAIME PAHISSA. *Museum Press.* 15*s.*

Pahissa was Falla's friend, he tells us, from 1914 until the latter's death in 1946, but in spite of those thirty-two years the portrait he paints has a peculiar inscrutability. To be sure we are told large numbers of anecdotes about him—what he had for dinner on this occasion, how late he worked on that—but these reminiscences have none of the quality of selected aptness that distinguishes the work of the friend who is also a born biographer. Pahissa rambles on, in fact; but by conscientiously setting down all the details, however trivial, of Falla's career he does succeed in telling us a great deal about his background. Professor Trend's excellent book, first published in 1929, did not attempt to cover Falla's early years, but this is something which Pahissa, from his personal experience, is well qualified to do. As a Spaniard he can appreciate and explain the regional differences which are so apt to baffle foreigners, and the element of traditional Spanish music in Falla's work is discussed with knowledge and affection.

But perhaps the most interesting and revealing glimpses of Falla are provided by the anecdotes which fall flat. "Fauré, now old, was a very simple man and, encouraged by this, Falla, after telling him how much he admired him, ventured to say to him that in some of his latest works he had noticed a certain tonal vagueness, to which Fauré with innate modesty replied that there may have been, but that he had not noticed it." Spanish musical culture at the end of the nineteenth century was even more isolated and provincial than that of England, and all his life there seems to have clung to Falla something of the directness and naivety of a well-bred country cousin. It is Pahissa's merit that, unable to interpret Falla to us objectively, he nevertheless acts as a reflector for his personality: such bias as is inseparable from a devoted biography is the more easily detected because he is so pleasantly guileless.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,282

Set by Naomi Lewis

Applicants for the position of Delphic Sibyl—shortly to be reinstituted—are required to submit a suitable question, and an answer, in not less than four and not more than eight lines of oracular verse. Readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit their applications. Entries by September 28.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,279

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to write 150-200 words of dialogue which will include, and distinguish the shades of meaning in, the following five words: *legal, legitimate, lawful, licit, licensed.*

Report by Thomas Smallbones

"Licit" was the particular stumbling block which sorted the competitors into probables and impossibles, because of the difficulty of not only distinguishing the shade but also of bringing it naturally into a dialogue. For competitors, in a large and lively entry, showed

a more than usual ingenuity in finding amusing and interesting settings for their pieces. Few were content with the more obvious situations, such as the Law Courts. The marriage question (obvious context for "legitimate" as well as "licit") occupied many competitors, but they played cunning variations on the theme—*i.e.*, old-fashioned melodrama (Pork Pie) or the rough rhyme (F.A., Edinburgh). The laws of cricket were another favourite, explained, say, to a puzzled American (Leslie Johnson and Pibwob). Our odd drinking laws provided another theme, the best of these from E. M. Biske. E. M. Haggitt would have been a clear winner if she hadn't cheated on one word, but her entry was so good that I must print it and award a consolation prize of half a guinea. Another half guinea to R. Tiley, and the rest of the prize money to be divided equally between the first three printed.

"What's the play this term?"
"Merchant of Venice."
"That old thing!"
"Don't you like it?"
"I've never seen it."
"I thought it'd appeal to anyone reading law."
"Why so?"
"The plot's awfully legal."
"Now what do you mean by that?"
"Well, the Jew lends the merchant some money on condition that if he isn't paid back by a particular day he shall be licensed to cut off a pound of flesh nearest the merchant's heart."
"What a disgusting idea!"
"You see, he wanted to kill him."
"I wasn't aware that murder was ever considered a licit proceeding."
"Well, nobody'd thought of that till an awfully clever girl dressed up as a barrister and pointed out that it wasn't lawful for an alien to kill a citizen."
"What then?"
"The Jew had to hand over all his property."
"Quite right! To be given the other chap's goods is the only legitimate consolation I can think of for a prospective murderee."
"Oh, the merchant didn't get it all—the State had to have half."
"There is nothing new under the sun!"

ALICE JAMES

Jack Donne's hands were licensed by his mistress.

What, Sir, did he think, by calling her his *Newfoundland*, to establish her as a government which might give legal sanction to love-making? As well might she license his dog, his wireless or his premises!

He was licensed poetically to call her so.

Aye, a poet's *language* is comformable only to Poesy's laws; he may deal in metaphors. To *enact* his conceit was to interpret as licentiate what was merely licentious; wherefrom nothing legitimate could ensue.

Drama may be legitimate; or conclusions; or, in America, rackets. What laws . . . ?

Legitimate drama, descending in the true Aristotelian line, is not spawned, in a Grub Street gutter, or opera, ballet or musick-hall, not engendered 'twixt celluloid sheets. Legitimate conclusions are conceived under the laws of Logick. For your rackets, Sir, I do not speak the American language.

What law forbade Donne's love?

Under human law, what is not licensed may yet be legal: as dame schools and osteopathicks. What Divine Law forbids cannot be lawful; what human notions of honesty condemn cannot be licit. That government is not lawful which defies Justice. Dishonest tradesmen, though they keep within the law, earn no licit gains.

APPLE TREE

A: You can't imagine what an awful life
I've had to suffer with my lawful wife.
B: Too bad. Yet, if you lack connubial bliss, it
Does not excuse liaisons that aren't licit.
A: Well, any form of pleasure that can mitigate
One's lot, it seems to me, is quite legitimate.
B: That isn't how it strikes the legal mind,
As he who practises intrigue'll find.
A: Let's have a drink, and say "To Hell with
Nemesis!"

Here's some quite pleasant-looking licensed premises.

H. A. C. EVANS

"Take the hermit crab," said the Mock Turtle.
"Where shall I take him?" asked the Gryphon.
"Anywhere," said the Mock Turtle. "Only take him. Is it permitted by law for him to appropriate the shell? Is it? Is it *legal*?" He paused.
"I ——," began Alice.
"Don't interrupt!" said the Mock Turtle. "No, it isn't," he went on. "He don't come by that shell *lawfully*. The whelk has a *legitimate* right to that shell, and what does the crab do?"
"He ——," Alice began again, but the Mock Turtle held up a flipper.
"He *steals* it," he said, dramatically, "and the poor shellfish is left homeless."
"Homeless," repeated the Gryphon, with a sob.
"He hasn't got no licence to do it," went on the Mock Turtle. "He *ain't* licensed. There's no paper or such like to *say* he can do it."
"He just does it," said the Gryphon, sighing deeply.
"He-just-does-it," repeated the Mock Turtle. "I've never heard of a more illicit performance. They ought to start legal proceedings. That poor shellfish ought to have his lawful rights vindicated, he ought to have legal aid, he ought . . ."
"Come on," said the Gryphon. "We'll be late."
"Late for what?" said Alice.
"Why, the trial, of course. Hurry up."

E. M. HAGGITT

Scene: Two men leaning against the bar at the local.

Squareface: But my dear chap, I have a legal right to forbid the marriage.

Bottleneck: I know, but do be careful.

Squareface: Careful?

Bottleneck: Certainly. It may be lawful for a father to forbid a daughter's marriage, but to take a stand on legal rights . . . well . . . I mean . . . your own daughter.

Squareface: That's just . . .

Bottleneck: . . . You mean you'd make a case of it?

Squareface: Yes. Do you imagine Edith will listen to me?

Bottleneck (Forced to it): Well, knowing Edith . . .

Squareface: . . . Exactly. Knowing Edith. As I've told her mother . . . ALL legitimate means. And between ourselves I'd lock her up if I thought I could get away with it.

Bottleneck: Is this chap SO bad?

Squareface: Well he's one of these free-thinking intellectuals who spells morals with a "u," and thinks he's licensed to behave at all times like a blasted pirate . . . or worse. (Warming up) D'you mean to say I never told you how I caught him in my own confounded drawing room?

Bottleneck (with mounting interest): You couldn't have done.

Squareface (with greater warmth): Not the time he had the infernal cheek to talk to me about what he called licit love?

Bottleneck (with a slightly confused relish): Licit . . . Here, just a minute before you go on . . . Landlord . . .

R. TILEY

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SIR JAMES BARRIE in 'My Lady Nicotine' said: "When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture" — **acknowledged by Sir James to be "no other than Craven Mixture".**

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"A triumph of Youth," said J. Mieses when, at the age of 85, he won a match-game against a Dutch master, three or four years his senior. That score has now been reversed and seniority has had its proper triumph when Michael Davis, aged 19, wrested the Sussex Championship from 14-year-old John McLeod. It seems unlikely that any County Championship Final has ever been contested by players still in their 'teens, and they should both be in the running for the British Championship before very long. I hear that young Davis has recently drawn three match-games against Winter and won a State Scholarship and a Major Open at Trinity College, Cambridge. "He will be a tremendous asset to University Chess," says F. A. Rhoden, to whom I owe this interesting information (and to whom we all owe the revival, last year, of Hastings' ancient glory). Here is the score of that thrilling Sussex decider:

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(16) QKt-Q2	P-Kt5
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(17) Kt-Kt5	B-R3
(3)	Kt-Q2	P-QB4	(18) R-R3!	B x Kt
(4)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(19) P x B	Q-Kt3
(5)	P-K5	KKt-Q2	(20) P-Kt6 !	Kt-Q1
(6)	P-B3	Kt-QB3	(21) P x KtP	Q-Kt4
(7)	B-Q3	B-K2	(22) R-QR5	Q-Kt3
(8)	Q-K2	P x P	(23) R x RP	R-KKt1
(9)	P x P	Kt-Kt5	(24) P x P ch	Kt x P
(10)	B-Kt1	P-QKt3	(25) B-Kt6	K-K2
(11)	Kt-Kt3	B-R3	(26) Kt-Kt3!	Q x P ch
(12)	Q-Q1	R-QB1	(27) B-Q2	Q-B5
(13)	P-QR3	B-B5!	(28) R x B!	Q x R
(14)	B-K3	Kt-QB3	(29) B-Kt4 ch	K-Q1
(15)	P-KR4	P-QKt4?	(30) B x Kt	resign

Here—Rhoden-Winser, Hastings 1949—is the position in which Winser found himself blessed by the spirit of Morphy. In the hallowed atmosphere of the Hastings Chess Club this would seem to be a natural occurrence, and whoever remembers a famous brilliancy of Morphy's reprinted here in July will recognise the pattern at a glance. Here is how, not without some gratuitous co-operation by his kindly opponent, Winser brought off the coup.

(1)	Kt-B5	Q x Kt(f4)	Kt-K7 ch
(2) Q-B3	Kt x Kt	resigns	
(3) B x B	Kt-Kt6		

Obviously, if (29) . . . K-K1, (30) B x Kt ch, K x B, (31) Q-R5 mate. Even though this isn't a "Readers' Own" week, both boys have well deserved the usual chessbook token, and so has W. A. Winser, hero of a pretty little story which F. A. Rhoden tells against himself.

A: Ludwig Rellsteb 1940

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White very neatly forced the issue in a few moves. **B**—White to win—may be underrated with 6 ladder-points but for the very useful hint that bishops have been known to lay down their lives for the greater glory of their king. **C**—White to win—is no bargain at 7 points even with the somewhat obvious hint that the R and Kt show some magnificent team-work.

B: L. B. Salkind 1915

C: L. Prokes 1911

Usual prizes. Entries by September 27.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 255. Set August 21

A: *Key*: Q-Kt4.
B: (1) Kt-Q4, Q-QKt8. (2) K-Q8, P-Kt4. (3) B-B3, P-Kt5. (4) B-Kt2, Q-Q6 (K5), (5) P(B) x Q, any (6) Kt mates.
If (1) . . K-B2. (2) Kt-Kt5 ch., K-B1. (3) P-Q6. Q-R6. (4) Kt x Q, P-Kt4. (5) Kt x P, any (6) Kt-R7 mate.
C: (1) P-K7, B x P. (2) P-R4 ! B-B4. (3) P-Q4 ! B x P. (4) R x P, P-Kt7 (5) R-QKt3, B x Kt. (6) R x P, B-B7. (7) R x B, P queens. (8) R-B6 ch, Q-Kt3. (9) R-Q6 ! etc.

A, alas, turned out to be cooked by B-Q6 and will not rate in the ladder. Many correct solutions. Prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, A. E. Harris, B. Lodge, D. H. Stallybrass.

No. 256. Set August 28

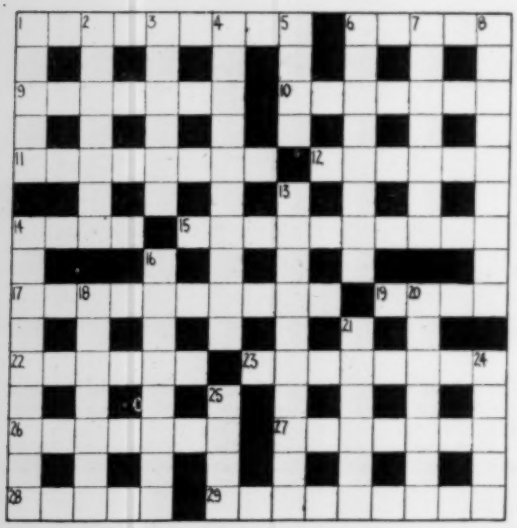
A: (1) . . P-R5. (2) B x P, R x P ch. (3) K x R, B x P ch. (4) Q x B, P x Q ch. (5) K-R5, P x B, etc.
B: (1) B-B5 ch., K x B. (2) R-R5 ch., K-K5. (3) R-QKt5, K-Q5. (4) P-R5 ! K-B5. (5) R x P, B x R. (6) P-R6, etc.
C: (1) B-Q6, P queens. (2) B-K5, Q-QR8 ch. (3) K-Q5, Q x P ch. (4) K-Q6, Q-R6 ch. (5) K-B6, Q-B8 ch. (6) K-Q5, Q-R6. (7) K-K4, Q-Kt5 ch. (8) K-B5, Q-R6. (9) R-Q7 ch., K-Kt1. (10) K-Kt6 etc.

Many stumped by one or the other. Prizes shared by E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 118

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 118, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 28.



ACROSS

1. The church-goer has an article about a Scottish town (9).
6. Cricket ground for the cricketer (5).
9. It sounds like a college drunk (7).
10. The company of a man with a drink inside him (7).
11. Magazine editor taken in (8).
12. Greeted with precipitation? (6).
14. Sea-horse? (4).
15. There is a disturbance amid the applause for the competitor in the race (10).
17. Make a change at centre-forward? He is the chief culprit (10).
19. He is useful to the cockney (4).
22. Put to flight along a particular road? (6).
23. Football team with a worker at left-half (8).
26. I turn green from giddiness (7).
27. Doing level time? (7).
28. It is not quite good-bye for this ancient worthy (5).
29. Germ spread about German city by envoy (9).

DOWN

1. The wounded boy embracing me (5).
2. Junior M.P. (7).
3. Engage in silent reconstruction (6).
4. The idiot died in subordination to his leader (10).
5. Inclination of artist and politician (4).
6. The writer to become attached to a figure (8).
7. A rebuff cannot quite provide pleasure (7).
8. Narrowly treacherous about a usurer (9).
13. Perceives where chaos is internal, but does not resort to power (10).
14. Resting-place in war for noblemen (9).
16. Hiss Fraser, the African (8).
18. "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, loyal and —— in a moment?" (*Macbeth*) (7).
20. May provides opportunity for this M.P. (7).
21. Place of great tradition in the degree ceremony (6).
24. Borrioboola-Gha lay on its left bank (5).
25. Appear vaguely amid flowers (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 116

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 116

M. A. Poole (*Birmingham* 13), *Mrs. M. B. Nicholas* (*Menton*), *N. W. Robinson* (*Blackpool*).

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff.

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. English refs. Prospectus.

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PERSONAL

THE City of Leicester Children's Committee would be glad to hear from proprietors of Residential Schools or Colleges on the coast who would be prepared to let their premises for the month of August, 1955. Particulars, including details of accommodation, rent, etc., should be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester.

AU Pair. Well-educated German girl, 18, seeks position in family with children. Box 968.

EDUCATED woman, 38, with part-time job, would "keep house" for busy people in return board, London. Box 843.

ONE seat in Austin A70 leaving Sept. 30 for Riviera; also 2 seats for October 17. Single or return. Box 1009.

MAJORCA, Soller. Sunny flat, sleep 5, now vacant. 8gns. per month. FLA. 8667.

EDUCATED, capable, middle-aged woman seeks part-time work children, cooking, languages. Any intelligent work, live in or out. SHE. 5658. Box 1055.

YNG. German industrialist (26) desires 3/4 wks. stay London or near from Oct. 5 as P.G. to improve his English. Box 1068.

HELPFUL trained nurse seeks accommodation self and two young children. Reasonable rent. Box 841.

AU Pair: learn Pottery in exchange for housework in beautiful country house in Surrey. Tadworth 2537. Box 894.

PROFESSIONAL woman would like to share her week-end cottage with another. Keen gardener, car, interested theatre, music, reading. Home Counties. Box 975.

CANADA. Collector seeks early works on Canada. Books and maps. English & French. Details to Box 1028.

FRENCH tuition or conversation by native experienced teacher. Box 1029.

PROF. couple, boy 8 (Jewish), req. home help. Free time for study. Live in or out. Sal. by arrangement. WEM. 9238 aft. 7 p.m.

PLEASANT middle-aged American couple plan 3 winter months Malta. Any ideas anyone? Lessere, Northport, N.Y.

GERMAN lady student (27), 5 months' experience looking after house and two children of a widower in this country, is looking for similar position. Box 986.

GENTLEMAN, 30s, seeks companion (m.) for cargo/passenger trip 1955. Alternatives welcome. Box 982.

SPEECH improved and accent corrected. Private lessons only. Free test. E. B., 11-15 Clifton Gdns., W.9. CUN. 3035 or 2585.

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HAVE you a point of view? If so, the Turnstile Society welcomes you. We meet alt. Fridays, Cen. London, for informal talks, discussions, soc. activities. Box 596.

NATIONAL Society of Non-Smokers (est. 1926) exists to enable its members to travel, eat and enjoy entertainment in an atmosphere free from tobacco smoke. Young and old invited to join. Details from Hon. Sec., 23 Lyncroft Av., Ripley, Derby.

GENTLEMAN requires Yoga lessons Sat. afternoons. State fees. Box 947.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, fluent French, seeks part work way towards Switzerland beginning October. Box 953.

PARIS. International Civil Servant desires exchange 3/6 months as from October, ground floor flat, one large living-room, one bedroom, well furn., kit., shower, mod. con., cent. heating; independence; Parc Montsouris, for 3-4 rooms flat, 4 beds, London. Write Justman, 7 bis villa Seurat, Paris 14.

MICHAEL Werner would take two private pupils for sculpture (modelling). 'Phone HAM. 0967, or apply Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. MAY. 2573.

LITERARY Social Club Membership. The Garret Club will now admit a few additional members with literary interests. Details regular meetings from Hon. Sec., 36 Rosedene Avenue, Streatham, S.W.16.

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PERSONAL—continued

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AUTUMN Sunshine: we can still include you in our parties to Majorca (September 25), Lake Garda and Venice (October 2) or plan an individual Autumn sunshine holiday for you. Etna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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TRANSLATOR, Engl./Germ., efficient, exp. tech./scient./lit., wishes contact authors/pubirs./agents. Box 1034.

WINTER Sports: our advance information on Winter Sports party and individual arrangements is available now. Write for free copy! Etna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WEST German elder statesman, ex-Chancellor Dr. Josef Wirth, explains the dangers of E.D.C. and rearmament in "Germany and Europe." September Labour Monthly (Special T.U.C. Number). Order 1s. 6d. all newsagts. Or postal subs. 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside" by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"ORGONOMIC Functionalism." 5th issue, Orig. Orgone research. Self-reg. No. 4. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 avail. Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottm. 2s. 6d. Sub. 15s.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

SOCIALIST and all good books bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointmnt. only—MOU. 1482.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, South Australia. Applications are invited for the following appointments: 1. Senior Lecturer in Psychology; 2. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in English (according to qualifications and experience); 3. Lecturer in English; 4. Lecturer in Chemical Engineering (preference will be given to a candidate with some experience in Plant Design and Operation). Terms: Every potential applicant is invited to seek from the undersigned or from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a copy of the detailed conditions of appointment, which give particulars of duties, tenure, study leave, promotion, and travelling expenses. University Film: A potential candidate in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth a coloured film illustrating the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer £A1,360—60—1,600; Lecturer £A1,000—60—1,360. Superannuation: On F.S.S.U. basis. Applications: Applications must include particulars of age, nationality, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications; copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health. They should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned not later than October 15, 1954. Further information about any particular post or about the University will be supplied on request to A. W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Pharmacy. The appointee will be required to take up duties early in 1955. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1954.

THE Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Limited, North Wembley, Middlesex, will shortly appoint a male Staff Officer. The person appointed will be a senior member of the Staff Department and will be expected to share a large measure of independent responsibility for personnel matters. The successful candidate will help with the interviewing and recruitment of scientists and technicians at all levels. There are over 600 graduates at the Company's Research Laboratories of 2,500 persons and it is desirable, therefore, that applicants should be graduates, preferably in one of the sciences. Candidates, who should be about 30 years, must show themselves alive to the needs and possibilities of staff management and to this end the person appointed will be expected to equip himself adequately to carry out a progressive staff policy and must be intellectually capable of evaluating present practice and of suggesting new procedures. Applications should be submitted to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLP/306).

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in Russian Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Russian and English, ability to translate perfectly (English to Russian) and to read fluently in Russian with faultless diction, good microphone voice, ability to write original material, knowledge of contemporary Russia and interest in international affairs. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £780 with prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "417 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited for research posts in Applied Economics. Applicants should have a good honours degree; some experience of work in accounting and statistics would be an advantage. Salaries within the range £450-£600 per annum. Appointments will be for one year in the first instance. Applications, with the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, no later than October 1, 1954.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

CLERK for keeping accurate records, factory costings, etc MAN. 0791.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TATE Gallery: Deputy Keeper. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this permanent post. Age at least 30 on September 1, 1954, but younger candidates may be considered if they have exceptional qualifications. Candidates must have obtained a University degree or its equivalent, though candidates without this qualification may be considered if they are otherwise exceptionally well qualified by training or experience. They must have wide knowledge of the history, theory and practice of the visual arts. It is desirable that they should have experience of administration. A knowledge of one or more modern European languages will be an advantage. Salary scale: for a man £1,460×£50—£1,660. Rather less for a woman. Full particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4377/54. Completed application forms must be returned by October 5, 1954.

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility. (I) Deputy Headmistress. New County Secondary School at Woodham Road, Lewisham, for about 1,200 girls to be opened in September, 1955, or, if circumstances permit, at Easter, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning one term in advance of the opening of the school. London Burnham scale with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will work in association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary aided secondary (grammar) school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond normal school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary level). There will be special provision for courses in needlecraft and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms E.O./T.S.10 (Woodham) to be obtained from and returned by September 24 to the Education Officer (E.O./T.S.10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Posts of Special Responsibility. (II) Deputy Headmistress. New County Secondary School at Tulse Hill, Norwood, for about 960 girls to be opened in September, 1955, or, if circumstances permit, at Easter, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning one term in advance of opening of the school. London Burnham scale with special allowance of £250 a year. The school is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a neighbouring voluntary aided secondary (grammar) school, and will be filled at the outset by 11+ entry, together with individual and group transfers from other schools. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school-leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education. Special provision is being made for courses in needlecraft and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms E.O./T.S.10 (Tulse Hill) to be obtained from and returned by September 24 to the Education Officer (E.O./T.S.10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1206.)

LONDON County Council invites applications from suitably qualified women with residential exp'ce. for app't. as Warden of Gisburne House Approved School, Watford. The school is being reorganised to accommodate 40 girls of fairly high intelligence, aged 15-17 (on admission), requiring a full programme of physical and mental activities, including home-making. Suitable girls may study for public exams. The L.C.C. Children's Cmttee. is particularly interested in a psychiatric approach to juvenile delinquency and feel that this post offers a challenge to a woman with a sense of vocation and a background comparable at least with a psychiatric social worker's training or a social science diploma or training as an educational psychologist. The scale of salary will be £860×£15—£1,040, less £150 for board, lodging and laundry. Pens'ble., subject to medical exam. Appl. form and details from Children's Officer (CH/A.2./1209), County Hall, S.E.1.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (Female) on the staff of the Children's Department. Child Care, Social Science Certificate or recognised qualifications, and/or experience in a Children's Department an advantage. Salary £550×£15 to £625. Use of car essential. Council has loan scheme to assist purchase of new or second-hand cars. Post will be permanent and pensionable. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, should be returned not later than September 27, 1954. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

THE Royal Astronomical Society requires an assistant to take over its library when the present librarian retires. Experience in library work an advantage, but knowledge of astronomy not necessary. Salary offered, 6gns. a week; hours and conditions to be agreed. Applications, in writing only, should reach the Librarian, Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House W.1 by Monday, October 4 next.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Ltd., Wembley, Middlesex, invite applications for two senior secretarial appointments in the Staff Department. The duties of both posts demand adequate shorthand and typing skills, but the foremost requirements are initiative and intelligence in dealing with many callers and the ability to maintain a smooth working liaison on behalf of the Department with the most senior and junior members of the organisation. Applications should be addressed to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLP/308).

SOCIAL Worker. Mainly to organise work for the welfare of old people. Commencing salary not less than £400 p.a. Closing date September 30. Details (written requests only) from the Secretary, Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service, 16 Queen Street, Manchester 2.

A RESIDENT Superintendent and Matron, interested in welfare of youth, required for a new established Hostel for Working Deaf Youths at Wembley. For full particulars as to qualifications and salaries apply Secretary, National Institute for the Deaf, 105 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Social Organizing Secretary for progressive non-party league. Small salary & expenses. Box 977.

CHINESE assistant is required to translate English Commercial letters into Chinese. The characters must be very well written. Box 1004.

EXPERIENCED secretary required for International Psychological Medical Journal. First-class refs. essential. Box 1012.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ANEURIN Bevan and Jennie Lee require secretary, expert shorthand-typing essential. Write House of Commons.

TUTOR required in English for foreign students, resident only, 15 hours a week. Denmark Hill area. Box 918.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth. Lady Cook, one of four, required by vegetarian school. Good holidays and off duty. Apply to the Caterer.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

A LADY of fifty, good organiser, fit, alert and interested, good brains and business experience, pleasantly executive, linguist, shorthand typist, with outstanding references, desires permanent or temporary London post, full or part time, administrative or secretarial. Please write to Box R. 386, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

YOUNG domesticated lady seeks res. post, pref. nursery school, where son 2½ welcome. Write Rowe, Pinewood, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts.

FIVE yrs. provincial music critic, Mus.B., M.A., wide and deep knowledge of music, sks. musical post in journalism, publishing, teaching or admin. Box 1058.

EXPD. Sec., all duties, reqs. post where free for art evening classes. Box 1070.

YOUNG man with reasonable education seeks post to escape from ever-deepening rut. Box 1066.

YOUNG woman (27), scholarly but human, seeks whole/part-time post Central/East London. Box 1053.

YOUNG woman (30) grad. in geography, diploma in social studies, shthnd.-typg., 5 years editing exp., sks. interesting employment, pref. with human contacts. Box 957.

TEACHER'S wife over 40, typing, German, shorthand, gen office exp., seeks any kind of part-time job. Box 1002.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY

MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount's Bay Hotel offers every comfort. H. & C. and spring interior mattresses. Cocktail lounge (Club Licence). Open all the year. Resident Proprietors Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

CORNWALL, St. Ives. Vegetarian Food Reform Guest House, highly recommended, in warm and sheltered position overlooking Hayle estuary. Central heating, h. & c. all rooms. Home-grown produce. Ideal winter holidays or residence. Mr. and Mrs. Woolfrey, "Woodcote," Lelant, St. Ives. Tel. Hayle 3147.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal for late summer holidays. Friendly Guest Houses at Dawlish and Newquay. Exceptionally good value. Free brochure 18: Bishop, "Fairfield," Dawlish. Telephone 2151.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HORSTED Keynes, Sussex. Keynes Place. A charming country guest house offering a friendly atmosphere and excellent food in an unspoilt area of open heath, woodland and hammer pond- of the Sussex Weald. Easy access London and Brighton. Moderate Terms. Brochure on request. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Tel: Danehill 326.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recomm. Write brochure.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking c'ntry. Full bd. £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

A LATE summer? Usually many sunny Oct. days at noted South Coast resort (mild, sunny, shltrd.). Informative brochures free. Congenial p./hotel rec. by "N.S." readers, has vacs. 4½/7½gns., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedrm. when weather cool (cen. htg. everywhere). Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands. Two comftble. lounges. Well apptd. throughout. Fully bkd. last autumn. Meat/vegetarian. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. centre 3-mile prom. Opposite covered walk; near Sun-Lounge Orchestra, curative baths. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green. Garages. Superlative food. 8gns. Sept., 7gns. winter.

LABOUR Party Conference, Scarborough. Esplanade Private Hotel, Belmont Rd., Scarborough, will make you comfortable during the Conference. Ballroom, games room, putting green. Wonderful position overlooking South Bay and Spa. Lift to all floors. A Travco hotel. Write now for brochure. 'Phone: Scarborough 1461.

LEAVE your burdens and pretences and enjoy an unconventional week-end at our historic Sussex Manor, where spontaneity, humanity and conviviality commune. Log fires and good companions. 3gns. all in. 'Phone Hon. Sec., Sharpthorne 68.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea and mountains, quiet, attractive situation; wholesome food, 5gns. weekly. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things which are important in a hotel. Good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

AUTUMN Holidays, tennis, swimming, dancing and walking in the Surrey pinehills. Weekly/wkends. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Guildford. Shere 107.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C. electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, mod. con. lovely Fowey valley 4 miles sea. Good food. B & B. & supper. 5gns. Brown, Lower Milltown Farm, Lostwithiel 260.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; terms 5gns. weekly. Robertsbridge 148.

FLORENCE, opposite Pitti Palace. Small, informal Pensione. Ideal for students, etc. Write Ichino, Piazza Pitti 14, Florence.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

KENSINGTON Cottage Residence with character and charm. Complete reconstruction and modernisation just finished. 2 bedrooms, 22ft. lounge, American-style kitchen. Luxury bathroom. Cloakroom and 2 w.c.s. Delightful decorations. All well fitted throughout and ready immediate occupation. Price £5,650. Freehold. Apply Owner, Box 1047.

HOVE. Attractive Chalet Bungalow: Large sunny lounge, dining-room French windows to secluded garden, two double beds., K. & B.; near buses, shops. Price, freehold, furn. £3,375, unfurn. £2,975. Hove 30786.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Long Voyage Home," Eugene O'Neill.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. The Diary of a Nobody. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Lite Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incls. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 19: "The Little World of Don Camillo" (U). From Sept. 20: Ulanova in "Triomphe" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232 Sat., September 18: W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy in "It's a Gift" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 19, 7.30, "Moglie per Una Notte" (A) Italy.

HAMMERSMITH Film Society's 1954/5 Season: Casque d'Or—Time in the Sun—The Informer—Ninotchka—La Bête Humaine—The Good Earth—La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc—Los Olvidados—My Apprenticeship—Fires were started—Long Pants—Large variety 'shorts'—starts Sept. 30. Free brochures available. Ann. sub. 15s. Sec., Town Hall, London, W.6. RIV. 6011.

CLUB Vienna, 209 Baker St., W.1, opp. Station. Dancing every Saturday from 8-11.15 p.m. at London's Latest Continental Rendezvous. Cosmopolitan atmosphere. Espresso lounge. Admission 3s. 6d. before 8.30, 5s. after. Also Sunday Club.

GOOD Earth 44 Gerrard St. London's new club with authentic International Folk Music artists every Mon. at 7.45. Mems.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Sept. 18, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., Sept. 25, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, September 18, 8-11 p.m., at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s.

VICKY. Michael Flanders, Donald Swann at Garden Party at 22 South Square, Hampstead Garden Suburb, Sat. Sept. 18, 3-6 p.m. Puppet show, side-shows. Hendon South C.L.P., Garden Suburb.

CONCERTS

2ND Bath Bach Festival, October 9-16. 14 concerts, 34 soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath. (2½d. Stamp).

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Association presents a concert of Rumanian music at the Wigmore Hall, Saturday, September 25 at 7.30 p.m. New London Quartet, Leonard Cassini (Piano), April Cantelo (Soprano), Amaryllis Fleming ('Cello). Gervase de Peyer (Clarinet), John Wills (Accompanist). Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall (WEL.beck 2141) and usual agents.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Opens Sept. 23, Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

BULGARIA, 1944-1954. Cement the ties of British-Bulgarian friendship forged by Gladstone in 1876. The "New Bulgaria" Exhibition of Photographs and Handicrafts. Visit the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square. Sept. 21 to Oct. 1, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. (exc. Sun.). Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso Pottery. Closes October 9. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. 1st Exhibitions of Paintings by Roderic Barrett, John Bratby, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II. Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1 until Sept. 23.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Paul Feiler: Paintings & Drawings by Christopher Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 2.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday Painters. Arranged by Robert Melville. Sept. 9-Oct. 9. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., mems. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SCULPTURES of Nehru and Famous Indians, by Fredda Brilliant, on view at her studio, 12 Loudoun Rd., by St. John's Wd. Undergrnd. Sept. 20 to Oct. 8. 2-5 p.m.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, mosaics. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5. Until Sept. 29. 1s. Children 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Paintings by Harold Cohen and Martin Bradley.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Business and Professional Forum. A debate on: "Civil Defence and the Hydrogen Bomb." Speakers: County Alderman W. R. M. Chambers, O.B.E., J.P. (Middlesex County Council), Alderman Sidney Stringer (Coventry City Council). Wed., Sept. 22, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

BRIGHTON Fabian Society, Monday, Sept. 20, 7.30 Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P. "The issues before the Labour Party Conference." Chess Room, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. Adm. 1s.

REPORT on South Africa by Canon L. John Collins. Chairman: Victor Gollancz. Central Hall, Westminster, Wednesday, October 6, 7.15 p.m., doors open 6.15. Buffet available. Questions invited. Tickets 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unreserved from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4, or from Central Hall. Many free seats available.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, 8.15 p.m., Wednesday, September 22. Discussion. "What is Sunday Painting?" Lawrence Alloway, Marguerite Dasnieres, Robert Melville, Stephen Spender, Victor Willing. Chair: Benn Levy. September 23, Thursday. Illustrated Lecture: Twentieth Century Sculptors, Paris School III. Picasso by David Sylvester. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

MISS D. M. Kerslake, consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist to the Newcastle on Tyne General Hospital, is to speak at a Public Meeting under the auspices of the Abortion Law Reform Assocn., Wed., Sept. 29, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.30 p.m. Mrs. Mary Stocks will preside. Subject: "Is Reform Needed?" Annual Meeting 6 p.m. Refreshments provided for members. Subscriptions, please, to Mrs. A. Jenkins 53 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

SOCIETY for Friendship With Bulgaria. Lectures on Life and Literature in Bulgaria. Collets' Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Mons. 7 p.m. Adm. free. Sept. 20. Mrs. Beatrice King: Education for a Changing Society. Sept. 27. Miss Gladys Driver: Vaptsarov & Bulgarian Liberation.

"UNITED Nations Need China": Gordon Schaffer. Hampstead Town Hall, Thrs. Sept. 23, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. (Hamps. B.C.F.A.)

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Sept. 25, 6 p.m. P. Harrison: Shakespeare—the Entertainer.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m, Sep. 19. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Double Talk." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Music Concerts recommence Oct. 3.

LONDON Natural Health Society—Grand Opening Meeting—Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Monday, Sept. 20, 7.29 p.m. James C. Thomson, of Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, on "Natural Healing—The Case for Self-Effort." Free to all.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Sept. 17. L. H. Brown, M.A.: "The Social Value of the Family Unit." Friday, Sept. 24. "The Pacifist Movement Today." Adm. free.

YOGA. Lecture-Demonstration. Emmanuel Church Hall, 389a Harrow Rd., W.9. Wed., Sept. 22, 7.30 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m Sept. 19: "The Duality in Man."

GET ready for next General Election. Hampstead Parliament, estd. over 50 years, reopens Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Tues., Oct. 5, 8.15. Thereafter Weds. 8.15 until March. Subs. £1 1s., Stud. 10s. 6d. All parties & independents. Details Miss S. Dobson, 63 Kensington Gardens Sq., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 22, 7.30. Frank Marcus: "What is going on in the Theatre?" St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for Sept. 21: "Pleasure and Pain." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29, Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Sept. 19, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse Tom Wardle "Peace—within and without."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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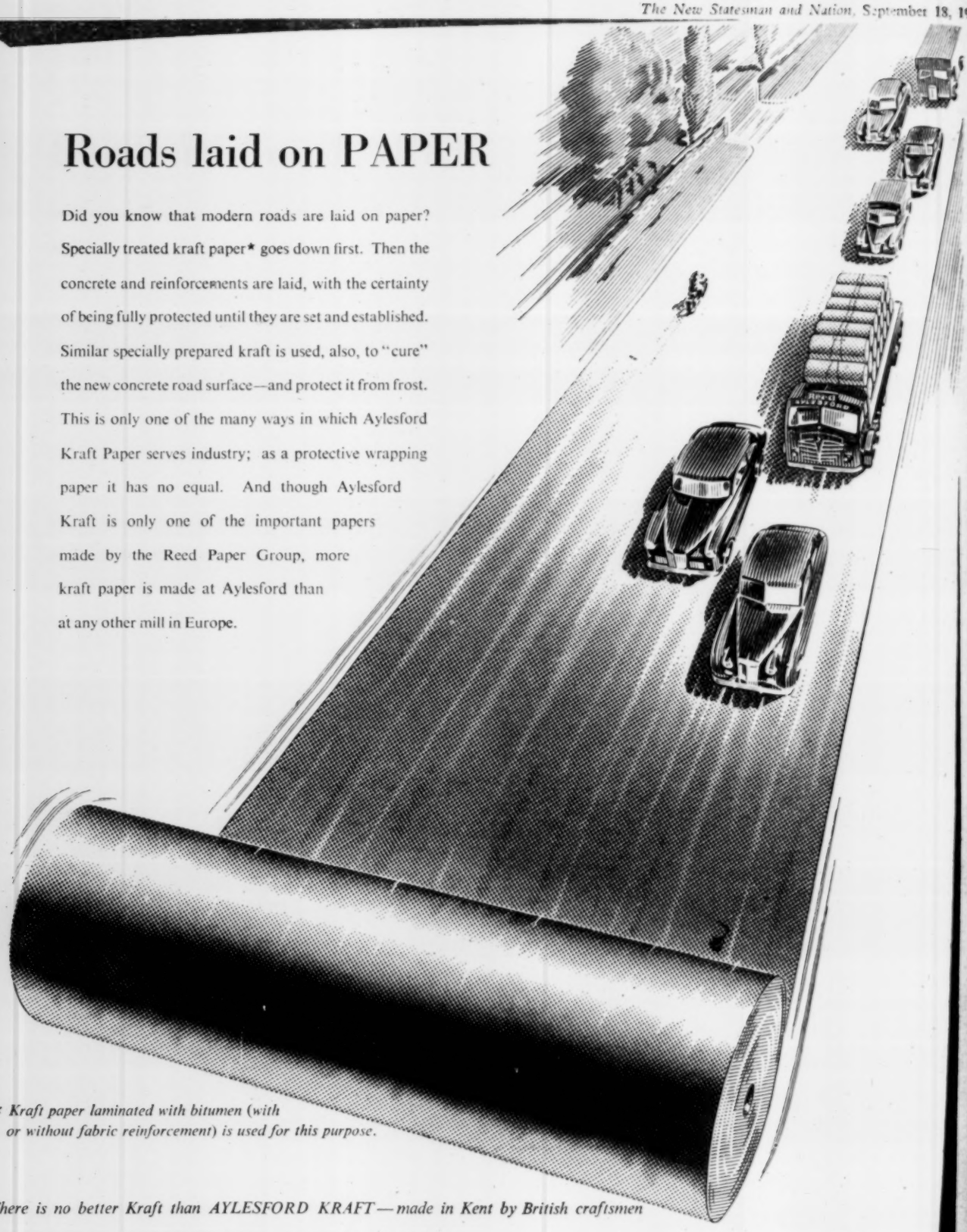

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